



# Pure Love:

## NOVEL.

BEING

*The History of the Princess ZULIMA,  
the Beautiful Daughter of the Sultan  
of EGYPT.*

CONTAINING,

- I. Her Love for the Prince of *Westphalia*, who was taken by the *Turks*, and made a Slave.
- II. EVARISTUS his Companion, his Story of the Prince of *Westphalia*; their Engagement with some *Corsairs*, or *Pirates*; their Shipwreck, and Arrival at the *Christian Army*, giving a full Account of the Battle.
- III. MUSTAPHA, the Grand *Vizier*, his Love for ZULIMA.
- IV. The Adventure of LEONORA with IBRAHIM BASSHAW.
- V. The SULTAN'S LOVE for LEONORA, &c.

*Translated from the French of Monsieur  
LE NOBLE.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Osborne, at the *Golden Ball* in *Paternoster-row*; J. King, in *Moorfields*; and James Hodges, at the *Looking Glass* on *London Bridge*.





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T O

*R. B* . . . *Esq;*

S I R,



THE Nearness of Blood, in which I have the Honour to be related to You, gives me the Assurance of a candid Reception; which, as it is what I am very ambitious of, so I esteem it my Duty to make You an Offering of my Studies; and though this be only the Production of some leisure Hours, I hope it will not appear unworthy of your Perusal.

I have no other Way of repaying Favours than by a Publick Return of grateful Acknowledgments; therefore I take this Opportunity, there being no greater Pleasure in the World, than  
to

*The DEDICATION.*

to be out of Debt. And since I have assumed the Vanity to declare my Opinion of the Story, I have nothing to fear but my Performance; however, as 'tis done without much Toil and Study, I flatter my self that the Stile is more natural, easy, and free from the affected Stiffness of a labour'd Translation: And if I have the Happiness to please You, and not incur an harsh Censure from the common Reader, I shall gain the End of my Wishes; among which, the most Cordial is, that of your Prosperity, and a free Pardon for this Impertinence without Leave; from,

*S I R,*

*Your most Obedient Kinsman,*

*and Humble Servant,*

*M. B.*

*T H E*



T H E

# P R E F A C E.

**M**ONsieur LE NOBLE, the Author of this little Story in the Original French, is so well known among the Lovers of this kind of Writing, that his Name is a sufficient Recommendation to the Work, and an Apology for the Translator's undertaking a Version of it into English. I flatter my self, that the Reader will be so far of my Opinion, as to think that there is no other Fault in this Story, but that it is too short; the Subject so well agreeing with the Title, that the Flame of ZULIMA is pure enough for the Chastest Virgin to imitate, and would not spoil the Divine Contemplation of the severest Recluse. Our Author, in this, has out-done all that has been attempted by the Famous Monsieur SCUDERY, in his Elaborate Romances; and has given the solid Part of Mankind, so good a Taste, how Vertue may be allay'd with Pleasure, without destroying the least Satisfaction, that can be agreeable to a reasonable Person.

Montieur

## THE PREFACE.

MONSIEUR LE NOBLE seems to have had that Excellent Italian Piece in his View, call'd *Bentivoglio and Uramia*, written after the *Romantick Manner*, to induce us to a Love of *Vertue*, and a Dislike to *Vice*. Here our Author recommends the *Passion of Love* with that Purity, that it approaches almost to the *Platōnick System*, but is more worthy of Imitation, for he dresses it up so innocent, tho' the Desires terminate in Enjoyment, that this Love of his, is void of *Revenge*, and hath not so much Jealousy, even of the Person, that at the very time prevents *ZULIMA'S* own Happiness, so as to hinder her from loving her even passionately; receiving her Advice, being converted to the *Christian Faith* by her, and at last, forsaking her Father's Empire, his House, and her own Native Country, to be an Handmaid to her; and serve a more uncertain Apprenticeship than *Jacob* did for *Rachel*, to wait the Chance of her Rival's Life with Pleasure and Patience, that she might at last enjoy the Man she loved with a Flame so pure, and a *Vertue* so unparalell'd.





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BEING

*The History of the Princess ZULIMA,  
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WO Moons were past since  
Noradin, Sultan of Egypt,  
made a Truce with the Chri-  
stians for two Years; which  
was the Fruit of the bloody  
Battle of Joppa, where both Sides, after  
they had fought a whole Day with almost  
equal Loss, found themselves so feeble,  
that they were incapable of enterprizing  
any Thing on either side; and their in-  
treat



tual Weakness and Fear obliging them to a Cessation of Arms to enable them to renew the War with more Vigour.

Though *Noradin* had by several Women many Children, yet the Princess *Zulima* was the only one living; for whom his Tenderness was the greater, which perhaps might have been less, had there been more alive. She merited all his Affection, and Heaven had endowed her beautiful Body with a great and virtuous Soul; which was so much the more to be distinguished, as it shone in a barbarous Court, where those of the first Rank were mostly Slaves, advanced to Honour from Courage, that deserves no better Title than that of Brutal.

Nevertheless, amongst the most considerable Favourites of this potent Monarch, *Mustapha* a Renegado of *Majorca*, was the Chief: He was a Man about forty Years old, of mean Birth, who had, from the Command of a Vessel, raised himself to that of the whole Fleet, and afterwards was made Grand *Vizier*: He was deceitful to the last Degree, Covetous in all Things but what related to his Pleasure, and *Noradin* had a perfect Confidence in his Courage and Conduct; he was large and well made; and no Man

ever

ever better knew how to insinuate himself into Favour.

He was so great a Favourite of *Noradin*, that he not only governed the Army, Council, and Treasury, as *Vizier*, but the *Sultan* approved only what *Mustapha* did, and all Favours pass'd through that Channel. This great Fortune, supported by all those Qualifications proper to Courts, made him bold enough to aspire to the Princess; but as he knew that the *Sultan* designed her for one of his Nephews, Son of the King of *Arabia*, he thought it better to conceal a Passion, attended with so much Ambition, rather than hazard his present good Fortune, by a Declaration that might render him suspected. What flatter'd him was, that the Princess had an inconceivable Aversion to the Prince of *Arabia*, had forced him by her cruel Disdain to leave the Court, and in Despair, to put himself at the Head of the *Arabian* Troops, which had made an Irruption into *Persia*.

Though the Fear of Disgrace hindered him from discovering his Love before the *Sultan*, yet he forgot nothing whereby he might make the Princess sensible of it. Whatever Favour or Employ was desired by those she countenanced, he was al-

ways

ways ready to grant; if he made any Entertainments, they were on Account of his Love; and by his Diligence, which he disguis'd under the Veil of Duty, the Princess discover'd something more than a bare Respect.

*Zulima* had a Sense of his Merit, but felt a secret Antipathy in her Heart, the which render'd all his Efforts to please her odious; and though the consideration of his Rank made her dissemble her Aversion, yet she received all he did, with a Coldness that affected him with Concern. The Princess *Phedima* was her Confidant, and Friend, and of kin to her, who finding in *Mustapha* all that she had believed worthy of her Heart, conceived a Passion for him, which she had not yet discover'd to *Zulima*.

They took no greater Pleasure than that of being always together; and sometimes to obtain that End, after that their Chariot had carried them unto a shady Walk a League distant from *Cairo*, they left that and their Attendants, to walk into the thickest of the Wood, where they might open the Secrets of their Minds.

One Day falling into a deep Discourse, they had got insensibly farther than they

were used, into an open Place which was a Pasture surrounded with Trees, where an Herd of Cattle were feeding. The Princess being unwilling to go farther, as they were returning, they heard the surprising Sound of a soft Flute, which made them stop; and the Charms of that Instrument, unknown to the *Barbarians*, having excited in them a Curiosity, they crept softly behind a large thick Bush, which separated them from him who played with so much Harmony, and hinder'd them from being seen.

They listened while he played a few Airs, and then heard the same Man, who leaving his Flute, and turning himself towards another, say, in the *Roman* Language, which most Princes are well vers'd in, Alas Prince! these Airs have diverted your Melancholy but very little, and will yield but small Relief to the cruel Anxieties of Slavery; and if you find no more Comfort in your Virtue than in my Flute, it will be but very little.

Doit thou think, my dear *Evaristus*, says another Voice, that my Slavery, or the unworthy Hardships which I endure, give me the most Torment? 'Tis not the Loss of my Wealth, nor the falling from the most flourishing State to the most miserable

ferable, which thus disturbs me. I know, replied the young Man, that Heroick Hearts like unto yours, are above all the Frowns of Fortune, and despise fleeting Riches. What touches you most sensibly is the Loss of that which is dearer to you than your Crown, Life, or Liberty. At these Words, the Royal Slave fetched a deep Sigh, and raising himself from the Grass, Let us go, says he, dear *Evaristus*, and fulfill the base, servile Office Fortune hath imposed on us; the Sun declines, it is Time we drive the Cattle together, for by that Time that they have drank, and we have herded them in the Fold, it will be Night.

A Discourse so little expected from the Mouths of two Slaves, redoubl'd the Attention and Curiosity of the two Princesses; and *Zulima*, by a Sympathy unknown to her, went to a Place where she might discover those whom she had heard, where she saw only two Slaves very ill cloathed, loaden with Chains, who getting off the Grass where they sat, went straight to the Herd.

Notwithstanding the meanness of their Habit, the Princess discover'd in one of them, who was the tallest of the two, a graceful Mien, and majestick Deportment,

ment; his Face, though robbed of the Ornament of Hair, which Slaves are not allowed, was not less noble and agreeable; and as the Sun had not spoil'd the delicate whiteness of his Skin, he appeared not above Five and twenty. The Princesses under cover of the Boughs of the Bush, observed them attentively driving their Cattle together, and when they had lost sight of them, returned to the place where their Chariot waited.

*Phedima* presently observed a sudden Melancholy in *Zulima*; that Princess regarded nothing that she said to her, but walking with her Eyes fixt on the Earth, never took them off but to look back on the Pasture. I commend, said *Phedima* to her, the Compassion you shew for Men so ill used; and though the Christians are our Enemies, I cannot approve of this inhuman Custom of Slavery. What do you expect, replied *Zulima*, from a barbarous People, who know not how to distinguish Men but by their Strength, and who take Pleasure in insulting Virtue. For my part, I respect it, and am toucht with a lively Pity when I see Merit oppress'd. In finishing these Words a Sigh escap'd her Breast, which *Phedima* seem'd to take no Notice of; and as they just then



then arrived at the Place where the Chariot waited, they got in, and *Zulima* returned to *Cairo*, more disturbed than when she came from thence. She never perceived 'till that Moment that she loved, she only fancied she had some Pity for the unknown Slave; but that Compassion was so tender, that it rather resembled a growing Passion.

She pass'd that Night with more Concern than e'er she had felt before, and *Mustapha*, who saw her the next day coming out of the *Mosque* appeared unto her more odious than before; the *Sultan* himself was not insensible of her Melancholy. But the Time of Walking being come, she failed not to take *Phedima* and return to the same Place. There they found the Herd, but not the two Slaves, which obliged them to go farther: At length they came to a Place in the Wood, where two Rocks, whose Tops jutting over, form'd a kind of Grotto; whence arose a Spring, whose Streams composed a small Brook which watered the Pasture. That Spring rising from above, by its Fall formed a Basin in the Gravel border'd with Moss and Turf; and the Noise which this kind of Cascade made, together with the Coolness of the Shade, were most inviting Temptations to Repose. Here

Here the Slave was laid on the Grass in a profound Sleep, leaning his Head against the Rock, and holding something in his Right-hand which he let carelessly fall on the Ground. *Zulima* casting her Eyes on him, felt a sudden Emotion which made her Heart leap within for Joy: and not being able to resist the Inclination she had to see him nigher, left *Phedima* at a little Distance; and approaching nearer, examined him very attentively, and own'd him to be the most beautiful Man in the World. But casting her Eyes on what was in his Right-hand, she perceived it to be a little Picture on Paper without any Frame or Ornament; then taking it from him, she softly in exchange thereof laid a rich Purse full of Gold by his side, and put a fine Diamond on his Finger, and afterwards retiring, and placing the Picture in her Bosom, return'd to her dear *Phedima*.

They were no sooner got back and in the Palace, but *Zulima* went into her Closet, where considering carefully the Picture, she thought she discover'd Features not unknown to her; and without calling them to Remembrance she felt a secret Jealousy in her Heart. so that by this Commotion she found she had a greater  
Tender.

Tenderneſs for this Slave than ſhe imagin'd. But whiſt ſhe was in theſe Diſorders, her beloved Slave was not in leſs ſenſible Torments. *Evariftus*, formerly one of his Pages, and at that time his Companion in Chains, ſeeing him aſleep by that Fountain, had left him and taken a Walk in the Wood, when *Zulima* came and took away the Picture. Sometime after *Evariftus* returned, and finding him ſtill aſleep, ſat down by him, but was no ſooner ſat, but he ſpy'd the Purſe, together with the Diamond which glister'd upon his Maſter's Finger; upon which, being ſurpriz'd, he cried out, and waken'd him.

The firſt Action of the Prince's was to think on his Picture; and not finding it in his Hand, he looked for it on the Graſs, where he only found the Purſe which *Evariftus* ſhewed him; What is this, ſaid he to *Evariftus*, and by what Enchantment is *Leonora's* Picture taken out of my Hand, the only Remains of what I poſſeſs'd, and which was my only Comfort? By what ſtrange Fate hath Heaven in depriving me of what I hold deareſt in this World after all my Loſſes, ſent me this, which, as invaluable as it ought to be to one in my Condition, cannot

not make amends for what I am robbed of?

After these Words they both reflected upon so singular an Adventure, but the more they dived into the Mystery, the more they were to seek. At length they concluded by the richness of the Diamond, that it must be some Person of the first Quality who had made that Exchange; but for the rest they were in the dark. The Prince, who express'd an inconceivable Grief, applied himself to find out the means how he should get his Picture again; and after he had rack'd his Brain, they agreed that as it was the work of Fortune, it must be that alone which must give them a light into it.

*Zulima* was too much stung with Love and Jealousie to pass over the next Day without seeing her dear Slave again; she went with her Friend to the Wood, and following the same Paths they had gone twice before, they arrived at the Fountain. The Royal Slave was not there, but only *Evaristus* who sat on the Turfs, and by the sweet Sound of his Flute had drawn the Birds about him, who, in Emulation intermixt their Songs with the Harmony of an Instrument they were not used to.

The

The Princesses drew nigh, not so much to hear him, as to find out the other whom they looked for, and *Zulima's* Uncasiness for not seeing him, having engaged them to go too far, *Evaristus* perceived them, and was very much surprized at the richness of their Cloaths, but much more at the Lustre of their Beauty; and reflecting presently on the Adventure of the Day before, no longer doubted but the Diamond came from them.

He was too well instructed in the Customs of that Country, to be ignorant of the Respect due to that Sex, especially to those of so great Quality, and believing that Thirst brought them to that Fountain, he left off playing, rose up, and after making them a low Bow, was going to retire, when the Princess bid him stay and inform her of what she wanted for to know. *Evaristus* obeyed, and answered her with Wit and Modesty; he told them that the Slave was fallen Sick on account of a great Loss he had sustained the day before, but that he would be well in a day or two: He told them afterwards, that since they were desirous to know who that illustrious Slave was, he should not scruple to tell them, that he was the Son of one of the most powerful Princes in *Germany*,  
and

and was that Brave and Glorious Prince  
of *Westphalia*, who did such Wonders in  
the Battle of *Joppa*.

What he said only increased their De-  
fire to know more; they press'd him to  
give them a full Account of that Unfor-  
tunate Prince for whom they shewed a  
very tender Compassion: *Evaristus* not  
being able to refuse what they desired  
with so much Ardour, the two Princesses  
sat them down on the Turfs; and having  
made the young Slave sit down also, he  
related unto them the Adventures of the  
Prince his Master, as follows.



*The Story of EBERARDUS, Prince  
of Westphalia.*

DO not think the Slave you have seen  
with me to be one of those petty  
Princes wherewith *Germany* swarms. *Ebe-  
rardus*, which is my Master's Name, is  
the only Son of the Duke of *Westphalia*.  
His Dominions extend themselves from  
the *Visurgus* to that part where the *Lippa*  
falls into the *Rhine*, and are watered by  
the *Emb*, which having bounded *Frieze-  
land*,



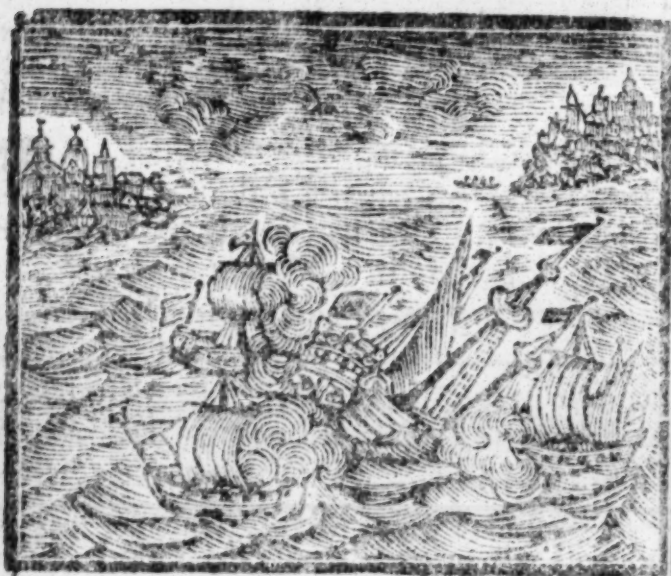
*land*, disembogues itself into the Ocean. He was about Twenty One when he Married the Princess *Leonora*, a Daughter of the Duke of *Saxony*, and never was there a Passion so tender, nor so violent, between two Hearts which were born for each other.

Heavens blest them with a little Prince, the first Fruit of their Marriage, just when the *Crusado*, the Name of which is so dreadful to you, had drawn together two hundred thousand Men, which *Europe* sent to Succour those who were become Masters of the *Holy-Land*. The Zeal of Religion producing a generous Emulation in the Hearts of most Christian Princes, my Master enter'd into it; but when he resolv'd to go, the Fears of a Father in Years, the Tears of a most loving Wife and a young Infant in Arms, detain'd him a long Time before he could bring it about. In short, as the Princess *Leonora* saw him unmovable in his Design, and her Love not permitting a Separation from him, she resolv'd to follow him; and after shedding many Tears, they recommended their Son to the Care of his Grand-father, and followed the 3000 Foot and 1000 Horse, which he sent to the Christian Army as his Compliment.

When

When they arrived at *Marseilles*, the Fleet in which his Troops were Embarked, was failed, only the Ship which was to carry my Master staid, which he went on board of, and failed for the general Rendezvous. The Wind being favourable, we just arrived by *Palestine*, when we discovered, at break of Day, three *Corfairs* making all the sail they could after us; we did all we could to avoid the Fight, not that my Master was capable of neglecting any Occasion wherein he might signalize himself, but the Princess was the great Obstacle to his Courage. Nevertheless, we could not get from them in regard they were lighter, and better Sailors than ours, but were surrounded by them just as we discover'd Land. We had three to defend our selves against, and the Fight lasted a long Time, when the Courage of my Master, supported by a Company of his own Guards which he took with him, carried the Victory in an equal Ballance, and the Presence of *Leonora* made him resolve to Conquer or Die: We had cut away all the Rigging of the largest of the Three, but the other Two ply'd us so close that we were on the point of being taken, when suddenly a Storm arose, and the Sea boiling high, the *Corfairs*

*sairs* fearing lest their Ship should dash  
against ours, which was much stronger  
thought it their best way to sheer off.



Our Ship was very much shatter'd  
the Fight, and the Storm increasing, and  
our Sails torn, and Masts broke, the Ship  
took in Water on all sides, so that the  
Master told my Prince he must save him-  
self in the Boat, which was presently pre-  
pared, and having put into it two Men and  
three Sailors, *Eberardus* made *Leonora*  
into it, and was about to do the same  
himself, when a sudden blast of Wind  
forced it from the Ship, that we soon

sight of it. The Despair the Prince was in, when he saw he was deprived by the merciless Element of his most dear Wife, whom he loved better than himself, is not to be imagined: And our Ship, which was the Sport of the Wind, after it had stood a long Time the Shock of the Surges and Waves, broke in pieces a League from the Shore. All our Equipage was lost, but my Master, a Sailor, and I, having fastened our selves unto a Mast, made a shift to get ashore where the Christians were Masters.

*Eberardus*, more grieved for the Loss of his Spouse, whom he believed was buried in the Waves than thankful for his own Life, sent up most pitiful Complaints to Heaven. It was Night when we got ashore, and having dry'd our selves in a Shepherd's Hut, who received us with a great deal of Charity, I left my Master with the Sailor, and while he groan'd for the Loss of *Leonora*, went to the next Quarter of the Army to learn the Language: I was so happy in our Misfortunes, when I came to a large Town about half a League from our Cabin, to find it the Head Quarters of the *Germans*, and to meet with a Detachment of *Westphalian* Horse that were posted there; I

B

went

went and found out the Officers, whom I could not forbear Embracing, and who knew me at first sight: acquainted them with the Disaster that attended our Ship *Eberardus's* Condition, and the Need he stood in of their Assistance.

The News was presently carried to the Quarters, and the Principal Officers of our Troops accompanied me to pay their Respects to their Master, and carried Refreshments and all necessary Succours with them. After the first Compliments, *Eberardus* learned that all the Forces had Orders to join the Grand Army the next Day, and that it was divided into two Columns for their better marching to the Plains of *Joppa*, which lay between the two Armies very commodious for a Battle. They added, there would infallibly be an Engagement in two days since that *Noradin* wearied out with the Fatigue of a War which had lasted ten Years, and hearing of the great Reinforcements sent the Christians from *Europe*, which he believed were very much harass'd, had sent a Challenge to them to come and decide by Battle their Claim to *Palestine*.

This was the only News capable of diverting my Prince's great Affliction, he

was animated by the Glory he was very greedy of, and the Desire of signalizing himself in Action, to which Motives we may also add his Despair for having lost what was so dear to him: After taking some few Moments Rest, he went and joined his Troops, reviewed them, put himself at their Head, marched them at the same Time, and came up with the grand Army that Night, which began to pass the Defiles to secure the Avenues, that they might be able to form themselves in *Battalia* the next Morning. I shall say no more of that famous Battle, than is necessary to shew you the share my Master had in it, since, without doubt, you are better inform'd of the general Successes.

*Noradin* pass'd his Defiles at the same Time we pass'd ours, and in the Morning the two Armies found themselves at the Extremlty of the Plain, which was that Day the Stage whercon was fought one of the most bloody Battles that ever was. The *Christian* Army, which consisted of an Hundred Thousand Foot, and sixty Thousand Horse, had on its Left, Mountains which bounded the Sea; their Right was covered with a Rivulet which form'd a Morass, and behind them they



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had Defiles, which in case of a Retreat, they possessed with ten thousand Infantry in their necessary Posts to secure the Avenues. The *Germans* had the Right Wing, the *Spaniards* and *Italians* the Left, and the *French* the Centre; besides, each of these Bodies had their Centre and two Wings, as if they had been entire Armies. The second Line was in the same Order as the first, but not so strong, and the third which composed the *Corps de Reserve*, was made up of *Grecian* Troops, which the Emperor of the *East* with much difficulty furnish'd from among his Tributary Princes.

*Noradin* disposed his Army, which consisted of Two hundred Thousand Foot, and One hundred Thousand Cavalry, in another manner. He formed his main Body, with all his Infantry, and believ'd that by composing his two Wings of Cavalry, he should surround us the more easily. All was in Order, and ready for the signal of Battle, when a young *Turk*, well made and finely mounted, his Arms covered all over with Diamonds and precious Stones, came out of the Ranks, and advancing slowly with a Dart or Spear in his Hand, seem'd to demand a single Combat.

*Eberardus*

*Eberardus* who burnt with Impatience to gain Glory or Death, and who was of the same Mind as the *Turk*, went out of the Lines, and marched with his Sword in his Hand to fight him. The two Armies forbore Action to wait the Success of a Prelude, from which both sides hoped to draw some happy Tokens of Victory. The *Turk* seeing my Master had no other Arms besides his Sword, threw away his Spear, and drawing his Sabre, they both clapt Spurs to their Horses and charged like two Lions. Equal Prudence, Courage and Address, appeared in both, they dealt to each other many Strokes, but it was in vain for them to prove the Goodness of their Armour, since there was not a Blow but was turned off, and put by; at last my Master fetching a furious one at the *Turk*, he in returning it struck full on his own Horse's Nose; the Wound, which was deep, made the Horse prance, and so frightened him, that if my Master would have taken that Advantage of the *Turk's* Disorder, he might infallibly have killed him.

He gave him Time to put himself into Order again, but his unruly Horse would not obey him, but capering and prancing every Time he saw the glittering of the Swords,

Swords, at last turn'd Tail and went off. My Prince was not willing to follow him, because at the same Time the two Armies were engaging, and he was obliged to repair to his Post. It was ten a Clock when the Battle began, and both sides were equal Witnesses of the great Things my Master did. The Right Wing whole Left he commanded, gained always as much the Advantage as the *Italians* and *Spaniards* who formed the Left, suffered. As for the *French*, they not only sustain'd with a wonderful Intrepidity, the whole Force of *Noradin's* Infantry, but often put them into Disorder; and if the Numbers of their Battalions had not repair'd their continual Losses, they had been broke in pieces by the Impetuosity of that invincible Nation.

In the mean Time, *Noradin*, who did fight in Person at the Head of his Right Wing, being informed that the Cavalry of his Left were like for to be put to the Rout, thought that his Presence was absolutely necessary, and thereupon went with a considerable Detachment. The Fight became more bloody than before; the *Turks* fortified with that Reinforcement, rallied their Squadrons on all sides. *Noradin* performed Acts of so much Cou-  
rage

rage and Conduct as oblig'd us to admire him, and at last falling on the *Saxons*, made a cruel Slaughter.

The Prince who commanded them, and who was *Leonora's* Brother, was there killed. *Eberardus*, who loved him tenderly, and was sensibly touched at his Death, to revenge it, and put a stop to the Slaughter *Noradin* made, brought up his Squadrons and attacked him. The Fight was terrible, and my Prince clear'd his Way with his Sabre, to that Part where *Noradin* was. Words are not able to describe the Horror of that dreadful Engagement, in which I was all along by my Prince's Side; the Ground was presently covered with the slain and wounded; Blood flow'd in all Parts, and twice I believe the *Sultan* was Dismounted by the Blows my Master gave; but presently, a great Body of Cavalry, which *Mustapha* brought to the *Sultan's* Assistance, fell on us, broke us with their Impetuosity, and with the furious shock, my Prince's Horse, which was ready to fall with his Wounds, was thrown down: I alighted from mine to remount him, or to shield him with my Body; but so many Enemies surrounded us, that we were not suffered to die, but were obliged to  
yield

yield to *Mustapha*, who presented us both to the *Sultan*; who after he had dispersed those Squadrons wherewith we attack'd him, sent us Prisoners to his *Tent*, where they loaded us with Chains.

Things were in this Condition, when Night coming on before the Victory declared herself, both sides were forced to retire without any Advantage. The Field of Battle was so covered over with the Slain, that it struck an equal Horror in both Armies, and made the *Sultan* demand a Suspension of Arms over the Christians for four Days, which was followed with a Truce for two Years.

When the Battle was over, we were in *Noradin's* Tent chain'd, seeking our only Comfort in the Constancy, and pious Zeal we had shewn. The *Sultan* came in very late, when we were presented before him, who looking on us with a stern Countenance, without speaking, turned himself about to *Mustapha*, and said, These Slaves are thine, dispose of them as thou plearest, I give them unto thee. *Mustapha* had us presently to his Quarters, where we soon learnt the Conclusion of the Truce. From thence we were dragg'd along to *Cairo* after this Favourite, who having no Regard to the Birth

Birth of an Illustrious Prince, nor to his Courage and Virtues, hath imposed on him this miserable Employ of driving and looking after Cattle, but happy are we that we have the consolation of being together.

Here *Evaristus* finished his Relation, the Princesses could not hear it without giving true signs of compassion for the Misfortunes of a Prince so distinguish'd for his Vertues and rare Qualifications. *Zulima* perceived her Love redoubled, and the Knowledge of the Birth, and Merit of *Eberardus*, removing all the Scruples which ought for to combat that Passion, she not only resolved to endeavour to release him from his chains, but to love him, and obtain his Love.

The Tenderneſs of that Prince's Love for his dear *Leonora*, and his Loss, flatter'd agreeably her Idea. He is capable, said she to herself, of loving with Truth and Constancy, and his Heart is now free by the losing of his Spouse: These Thoughts help'd to enflame her more and more, and made her to conceive greater Hopes than she had before. She thanked *Evaristus* for the Pleasure he had done them in informing them of the Adventure



ture of the Slave, nevertheless she would not make herself entirely known to him; but under the Pretext of softening the Miseries of a cruel captivity, and shewing the great Effects of her compassion, she forced *Evaristus* for to accept of what Gold she and *Phedima* had about them.

*Zulima* leaving the Spring, returned better satisfied and more in Love than ever; and opening her Mind to *Phedima*, Tell me Sister, said she to her, for by that Name they called each other, are we endow'd with Vertues that come nigh to those of our Enemies? And is there any among us that excels the Prince of *Westphalia*? How barbarous is it to oppress a Man, deserving all the Crowns in the World, with Fetters, and so vile an Employ? Assist me, my dear Sister, to deliver him from this Slavery. What a Port, Air and Majesty he hath! What Fire sparkles in his Eyes! But oh! what Greatness of Soul, and Constancy in his Misfortunes! Ah! Sister, that he was but in *Mustapha's* Station.

*Phedima*, who loved *Mustapha*, was not concerned for to find the Princess's Heart engaged another way. She had a sincere Friendship for her, but not so great, as willingly to have yielded up her Love.



Love: But promised to second her in what she could to release the Prince; and as we are easily persuaded to what we do like, it was not difficult for her to engage herself, by saying all that might flatter and increase her Flame.

*Evaristus*, after he had done what he had to do, went to *Eberardus*, and accosting him with an Air of Gaiety, said, Be not, Prince, so uneasy for the Loss of *Leonora's* Picture; I am very much deceived if I have not found out the Persons who took it away; and as their Generosity is unparallel'd, I presume it will not be hard to get it from them. See here, continued he, shewing him a rich embroidered Handkerchief full of Pieces of Gold, the real Marks of that Generosity. Afterwards he told him of the Adventures at the Spring, the curiosity of the unknown Fair Ones, the manner of his satisfying them, and the tender compassion they express'd for his Misfortunes; but when he described her who seem'd the superior of the two, *Eberardus* felt by a secret and wonderful Sympathy, an agreeable Charm possess his Heart, and which glided so insensibly therein, that in some Measure it asswaged his Grief for the Loss of *Leonora*.

Had

Had the Affliction of this Prince not been over, the Joy of having some Light into his Picture, would have entirely dissipated it, and the Pleasure he took in hearing the Recital of this Adventure, renders his Mind more serene and quiet. *Evaristus*, who perceived the agreeable Pleasure it gave his Master, forgot nothing which might increase his Desire of seeing those unknown Ladies; which was not a very difficult matter to inspire him with, since the Prince, who passionately wished to find again the only Remains of his dear *Leonora*, fortify'd with that Pretext a curiosity which might have another Motive. They resolved then the next Day to be at the Fountain, not doubting but as they had been there twice, they would come again. But *Eberardus* desiring to see them without being seen before he entered into conversation with them, sent *Evaristus* to take a Turn or two in the Wood, and hid himself in an obscure Place in the Grot, from whence he could see all Persons who came to the Spring.

The Sun was about an Hour high when the Princesses appeared; *Zulima* was very much concern'd when she met not with the Slaves, and as she found herself weasy,  
and

and knew not where to look farther, sat herself on the Turf, and made *Phedima* sit by her. The Princess was so situated, that *Eberardus* had a full View of her Face, and the Commotion he felt at the first surprize so much Beauty caused in him, had render'd the Princess absolute Mistress of his Heart, had not *Leonora* possess'd it before.

When they were sat down, you have, says *Phedima*, lost your Labour, since you don't find the Prince of *Westphalia* here. I am, replies the Princess, in an unexpressible Torment; *Evaristus* told us Yesterday he was sick, and I form to myself so many Fears, that only his Presence will dissipate them: See there's the Place where we found him asleep. Where, says *Phedima*, you had the Pleasure to see one of the moit accomplish'd Men upon Earth, for me I had not that satisfaction; for you, added she with a Smile, was willing I should leave you at your liberty of viewing him at your Ease. Ah! Sister, reply'd the Princess, what Uneasiness had that View cost me by the Jealousy it caused in me, had not *Evaristus* told me Yesterday *Leonora* was no more.

I don't comprehend, said *Phedima*, the Mystery of this Discourse; indeed you have

have acquainted me with the Tenderness you had for this Prince, but that he should have given you Occasion to be jealous at the Time that your Passion is scarcely form'd, is what I cannot conceive. The Princess then told her how she had surprized *Leonora's* Picture in the Hands of the Prince, that the Picture had excited in her Heart some Jealousies which made her first sensible of her Love; but judging by what she had heard from *Evarestus*, that the Prince of *Westphalia* had lost *Leonora* for ever, her Heart had, in some measure reassumed that Tranquility which a Rival so well belov'd, would have depriv'd her of.

*Elzerardus*, who (until then) lay hid, knowing that the Princess had his Picture could not long withstand his Impatience to demand it of her; and not knowing whether he might have another Opportunity, since he knew not *Zulima*, came suddenly out of the Grot, and throwing himself suddenly at the Princess's Feet, Generous unknown Fair, said he, in the Name of God who hath endowed You with such Virtues, have Compassion upon the most Unfortunate of Mankind, and restore to him who hath lost all, one Thing which is of no use to you, and which only  
is

is capable to mitigate all the Troubles he is overwhelm'd with.

Never was Surprize like that of the Princess's; the Remembrance of having opened her Mind as she had done to *Pbedima*, sent up a Blush into her Face, that redoubl'd the Lustre of her Beauty. Nevertheless, as all was over, and considering that *Eberardus* was no longer ignorant of her Weakness, she cast on the Prince a sweet and charming Look, that had nothing but Tendernefs and Compassion in it, and remained for some Time without speaking; but at last taking Courage, and obliging him to take a Situation not becoming a Slave, I could not believe, said she to him, that a Prince so virtuous and so great, could have been capable of surprizing by Artifice, the Secrets of my Heart, which you know, Prince, by what I have said to my Sister; but I believe you too Generous to abuse my Weakness, and not to be more Discreet than I am, who conceal in vain what you have already heard too much of; I am not ignorant of the Consequences of what I have done by declaring my Love, but if you condemn this Confession, however, you know thereby, that there are among the Barbarians, Hearts sensible of Virtue,

tue, and Princeſſes who have no leſs Eſteem for a virtuous Prince in Chains, than on a Throne. After what I tell you, you know; Prince, the Intereſt I took in not reſtoring the Picture of that Princeſs who merits all your Tenderneſs; but as I believe her not in a condition to diſpute with me the Glory of loving you more than I, who ever ſhall I promiſe to reſtore it; provided the Violence I do my own Heart, may have ſome Effect on yours.

If the Princeſs was ſurprized to ſee *Eberardus* caſt himſelf at her Feet, that Prince was not leſs ſurprized for to hear *Zulima*, and find ſo much Generoſity and Love in her, in a Place where Inhumanity and Barbarity reigned ſo much. The Charms of the Princeſs were ſo powerful, ſo much Sweetneſs appeared in what ſhe ſaid, the Fire of her Eyes pierced the Heart with ſuch lively Strokes, and all her Actions were ſuch inſinuating Charms, that the Prince ſo prepoſſeſſed as he was with Love for *Leonora*, could not but be ſenſible of the Agitation of his whole Soul, and in the readineſs of his Thoughts repreſenting *Leonora* buried in the Waves, and his Bonds looſed; his Commotions were redoubled.



At length, casting himself a second Time at *Zulima's* Feet, Think not, Generous Princess, said he, that I am so presumptuous as to attribute any other Name to your Goodness than that of Pity; but whoever you are, that have shewn so tender a Compassion for an oppressed Prince, your Favours shall never be blotted out of my Mind; and would to Heaven this Heart was free to offer to you a Captivity I should prefer to all the Crowns in the World.

Prince, reply'd *Zulima*, it would be Injustice in me for to dispute your Heart with *Leonora*, was she now in a State of possessing it; but since Heaven, that brings all Things to their purposed Ends, hath made use of the Winds, Storms, and merciless Sea, for to break the Knot asunder by which you was bound; it is a Sign of its Approbation of a Passion it hath created in the Heart of a Princess, who, by her Rank, is not unworthy of you, since I am the only Daughter of the *Sultan*, and Heir to his Dominions.

At these Words the Prince prostrating himself with more Respect than he had done before: What Madam, said he, are You that Incomparable *Zulima* whom *Europe*, *Africk*, and *Asia* speak of with  
so



so much Admiration? No, Madam, I deserve not that the first Princess of the World should stoop so low as to a Slave; leave me rather to bewail my Fetters; leave me to entertain my Thoughts with the cruel Idea of being robb'd of the most amiable Wife in the World, whose Remembrance will not allow my Heart any Sensibility.

We will try to overcome that Insensibility, reply'd *Zallma*, but I offend you perhaps by staying so long; I will go and endeavour to release you from this miserable Condition that a Barbarous Wretch has reduc'd you to, and while you expect that I do restore *Leonora's* Picture, take Mine, which I make you a Present of; but have a care *Mustapha* sees it not. In saying these Words, she rose up and gave him her Picture in a fine Box of great Value; the Prince was in Dispute some Time whether he should take it, but as he perceived an unusual Motion in his Heart, wherein he found a Pleasure to receive it, he took it, and falling on his Knees, kiss'd the Tail of the Princess's Gown, who then went away. As soon as they were gone he call'd *Evaristus*, and as they were performing the Duties of their miserable Employ, told him all that past at the Fountain.

The

The same Evening after this Interview, the *Sultan*, accompanied with *Mustapha*, came to the Princess's *Seraglio* to make her a Visit; that Favourite never neglected any Opportunity for to get into her Company, and never went away, but he shewed some Marks of his Desire to please her. *Phedima*, and some other Ladies were there, and the Conversation was general; when the Princess, who was not without her Views, fell into that of the Battle of *Joppa*; and as we are most apt to flatter Favovrites, after the due Praises given to the *Sultan*, they enlarged upon those of *Mustapha*: The Princess, who went farther than the rest, said, as she heard the Success of it related, the greatest Blow was the taking of a Prince, who press'd hard upon the *Sultan*, and that that was done by *Mustapha*. Yes, without doubt, said *Noradin*, had he not brought those Succours so seasonably, either that Prince or I had perish'd. Never did I behold such Courage and Conduct as that of the Prince of *Westphalia*'s; he broke twice that Body I commanded, and had not been overcome, but by the Numbers, who obliged him to yield himself Prisoner.

And

And what is become of a Prisoner of that Importance, said *Zulima*? He is my Slave, answer'd *Mustapha*, and as his Rashness to attack the Life of *Noradin* cannot be too severely punished, I make him drive Beasts to the Pastures. What! said *Zulima*, has the valiant *Mustapha* so little Respect for Bravery, does not he feel that Greatness of Soul, without the which none can aspire to Glory, murmur within him? Can you, Madam, reply'd *Mustapha*, show so much Pity for a Man, who three Times lifted his Sabre over the *Sultan*, your Father's Head, and who had shed that Blood from whence you derive your own, had not Heaven made him fall under the Shock of my Horse.

Where-ever that I find Merit, said the Princess, I revere it; I do love it in my Friends, and respect it in my Enemies: I cannot approve of that shameful Custom, that, without Respect either of Birth or Merit, confounds the Prince and Beggar in an equal Slavery, that reducing Men to a Condition worse than that of Beasts, oppresses them with Chains and Labour. Was it a Crime to lift up his Sabre over my Father's Head in War? Why therefore for a Glorious Action is he thus punished? You then, Madam, repli'd

reply'd *Mustapha*, shall give him a more  
 easy Employ. I would do my self the  
 Honour of a Slave of that Importance,  
 said the Princess; but how comes it about  
 that you who love magnificent Equipage,  
 make him not one of your Attendants?  
 Your Compassion is very much interested  
 for him, Madam, reply'd *Mustapha*, and  
 I shall not neglect your Advice. After-  
 wards the Conversation turn'd on other  
 Things, and in a short Time the *Sultan*  
 went away.

*Eberardus* for his part became more  
 disquieted by his good Fortune; neither  
 the Gold nor the Jewels he receiv'd from  
 the Princess, nor the Releasement he hop-  
 ed for from his Punishment, moved him  
 in the least; but he could not but think  
 at the same Time that he was beloved by  
 one of the most beautiful Princesses in  
 the World, the Heir to a great Empire;  
 and of *Leonora's* perishing in the Waves,  
 without yielding to that pleasing Inclina-  
 tion which his Gratitude engaged him to:  
 For when a Heart is once undetermined  
 between what it hath loved, and that  
 which it finds lovely, it is very nigh  
 giving itself up to a second Passion.  
*Evarestus*, who was younger, but yet  
 more bold in changing, represented to  
 him

him that *Leonora* was no more, that she was lost to him for ever, that to free himself from his Fetters he must answer *Zulima's* Love, which was the only means for them to gain their Liberty.

The Beauty of the Princess, her unexpected Goodness, together with the natural Tenderneſs of *Eberardus's* Heart, in ſhort, ſo moved him, that he wanted but little of being quite in Love, and he paſſed that Night in the miſt of Conflicts between the Remembrance of *Leonora*, and the Merit of *Zulima*.

The next Day the Princeſſes came again to the Wood, but inſtead of finding the Slaves they ſought, they ſaw others doing their Buſineſs; *Zulima* was overjoy'd, and thought that *Muſtapha* had taken him into his Retinue, and that ſhe ſhould ſee them when he came to the *Seraglio*; but as ſhe did not ſee them, ſhe grew very uneaſy. This Diſquiet redoubled the Day following, and not finding them in the ſame Place, nor being able to hear any News of them, ſhe believed that *Muſtapha*, jealous for the Compaſſion ſhe ſhewed for that Prince, had ſacrificed him to his Reſentment.

That Thought caſt her ſuddenly into a terrible Fright, that was attended with

a violent Fever, which caused her a cruel Night. *Pbedima*, who was uneasy for her Health, came the next morning early to know how she did, and *Zulima* no sooner perceived her, but said to her, in a Tone that discovered her Fear and Passion together, it is done, my dear Sister, the Prince of *Westphalia* is no more; I saw him in the Horrors of a dismal Dream, cover'd over with his own Blood, throw himself into the Arms of his dear *Leonora*, and she receiving him all bath'd in Tears, and 'tis in vain for me to endeavour to take him from her. Barbarous Wretch, continued she, must he spill such Noble Blood, and dost thou think to find the Way to my Heart by this base Revenge.

What, Madam, (answer'd *Pbedima*) do you think *Adustapha* capable of taking away the Life of a Man whom he knows you honour with your Pity? No, Madam, have no such Thoughts, he seeks too much to please you, to affront you after so cruel and imprudent a Manner. But if he knew that I have seen him, said the Princess, if he hath found my Picture, to what Extremities may not Jealousy carry a Lover, who believes himself so much injur'd? Thus she explain'd



plain'd her Grief and her Apprehensions  
 When she was told a Slave from *Mustapha*  
 desired to speak with her: Bid him come  
 in, said the Princess, impatient to learn  
 something that might free her from her  
 cruel Torments.

At the very same Time enter'd a Slave  
 cloathed in a magnificent upper Vest of  
 Scarlet embroidered with Gold, he had  
 under it a Vest of Cloth of Gold, with  
 a Scarf of Golden Tissue of a fine Co-  
 lour; his Turban was covered over with  
 Jewels, and his Chains which were Silver  
 were the only Marks of his Slavery. A  
 Habit so magnificent, set off extremely  
 the good Mien of that Slave: The Prin-  
 cesses, who were one on the Bed, and  
 the other leaning on the Bolster, did not  
 discover the Features of his Face, be-  
 cause the Window-Curtains, which were  
 drawn, made the Room dark; he made  
 a low Bow when he came in, and being  
 afterwards conducted unto the Bed-side  
 while another Slave, well dress'd, waited  
 at the Door, he cast himself before the  
 Princess, and deliver'd to her a Letter  
 from *Mustapha*.

The Princess order'd one of the Cur-  
 tains to be drawn, to read the Letter  
 but how Agreeable was her Surprise  
 who

when she knew the Slave to be the Prince of *Westphalia*. She could not believe her Eyes, and if her Astonishment kept her in Silence, his Respect did no less; but *Phedima*, whose Mind was more free, and whose Confusion was not so great, made a Sign with her Hand for the Slaves at



the Toilet to retire. *Zulima* afterwards coming to herself, with more Liberty broke Silence first, and in that sudden Transport from Grief to Joy, not being able to withstand the Commotions of her Heart, took with her two Hands the Head of the Prince of *Westphalia*, and  
C pressing

pressing it close to her Breast, said, Is it you then, Prince, who at the Instant I thought you lost, I find in a much better Condition than when I first saw you? I am no longer, Madam, *Mustapha's* Slave, said the Prince, but yours; for as you in your Bounty, discovered unto him some Compassion for the miserable Condition I was reduced to; he has given me unto you, not doubting but that I shall find as much Sweetness and Pleasure in your Chains, as I have Bitterness in his.

Oh! Prince, said *Zulima*, these are not the Chains of Slavery that I require of you, you are free from this moment, if you are my Slave, but those invisible ones by which I would bind you for ever, are the only ones I desire. If you receive me as your Slave, Madam, reply'd the Prince, you must allow me to discharge the Orders I have received. *Mustapha* hath changed my miserable State to this happy One, but on Condition I speak to you in his Favour, of the Love he would have you believe he has for you; I acquit my self of that Duty, when I tell you from him, that he hath no Passion more violent, than that of pleasing you.

O Prince, said *Zulima*, let us not speak of a Man whom I entirely yield up to

*Phedima*

*Phedima*, who never found out the Secret of pleasing me till this moment, in which he gave you to me. But Prince, speak of what affects me more agreeably, speak of something relating to your self, and of your Heart, it is always so taken up with the memory of *Leonora*, that *Zulima* can find no Place in it? Oh Aadam, reply'd the Prince, what Trouble do you cause in the Breast of a Man, the most Happy, and yet the most Unfortunate! What do I not in Gratitude owe to you? How great is my Inclination towards you, and what Obstacles are not you capable of overcoming by your Charms and Virtues? Don't then go about to oppose *Leonora* in this trembling Heart, where perhaps she is worse defended than I would have her. Give me only the Name of your Slave, which alone is precious to me, and I will fulfill it with a Passion that shall exceed the Zeal of all those who have ever served you; but make me not to forget what I am, but remember at the same Time who you are.

The Princess was about to reply, when she was informed that the *Sultan* was coming to make her a Visit; she made the Prince rise up, who was all the Time on his Knees, and having tenderly embraced

received the faithful *Evaristus* very agreeably, whom the Prince presented to her, and whom *Mustapha* had also given unto her; and having promised him all Favour and Protection, order'd them both into the Apartment of her *Eunuchs*. In the mean Time, as she doubted not but that *Mustapha* would bear the *Sultan* Company, she had Time before they came, to read the Letter which she found contained these Words.

MUSTAPHA, *Prime Vizier, Slave of*  
ZULIMA's, *to his Princess.*

YOU have had Compassion for the Pains of an unfortunate Prisoner, and his Fetters have been as soon changed to the most pleasant Chains in the World. But, Divine Princess, you have no Pity for a Slave who endures more Hardships than those the Prince of *Wesphalia* is freed from, and who groans under the Weight of your Insensibility; since that Prince hath so happily found out the way to your Heart, to excite your Compassion, although he was unknown to you, I hope to open my self a way to it by his means: Permit me then, my Princess, to make a Present of him, that he being always nigh you,

you, may entertain you with the Flame  
that consumes

### MUSTAPHA.

The Pleasure that *Zulima* took in this Letter, was to find that those Interviews she had with the Prince of *Wesiphalia*, were unknown to *Mustapha*, and that he trusting unto the Interposition of that Prince, might take no Umbrage.

She was taken up with these Reflections, when the *Sultan* and *Mustapha* entered the Room: The good Looks which *Zulima* resumed at the Sight of her dear Slave, and the Vivacity of her Complexion, set off by her present Joy, were evident Signs to *Noradin*, that his Daughter had recover'd her Health: The *Sultan* spent there a Quarter of an Hour in Conversation with *Mustapha*, *Phedima*, and the Princess, which ran for the most part on the Vizier's Generosity, and the magnificence with which he set off his Present. The Princess said so many obliging Things thereon, that *Mustapha* interpreting them as he would have them, believed he had found out the true Way of winning the Princess's Heart.

All these were but false Appearances, and had not *Phedima* known the Bottom

of



of *Zulima's* Heart, what she said to *Mustapha* would have extreamly embarrass'd her Passion. The *Sultan* commended what *Mustapha* had done, and the Gallant Manner of it, and after promising to reward it by new Favours, as the Hour of holding Council was at Hand, went away and took the Vizier with him.

*Phedima* only staid with the Princess, when she giving vent to the Joy she felt, embraced her dear Friend tenderly, renewing the Oath she had taken concerning *Mustapha*. Doubt not, Sister, said she, the Vizier shall never inspire me with Love; what I have said to him, was only the Effect of my Acknowledgment, and as he never did so much for me in all his Life, I shall never forget it. I profess my self his Friend, and believe I cannot better recompence the Pleasure he hath done me, than to intreat my Father to oblige him to marry so accomplish'd and virtuous a Princess as *Phedima*. I give you my Word, and doubt it not, then she renew'd her Embraces, and *Phedima* flatter'd with an Hope so conformable to her Wishes, embracing her again, said, Madam, account my Heart and Life devoted to your Service, and that nothing shall be wanting that I can do, to procure the Success of a Passion you have done me

the

the Honour to trust me with the Knowledge of.

The Princess at the same Time rose up to go to the *Mosque*; and having spent most part of the Day with the *Sultan*, returned to *Phedima*, and told her, she would not defer a moment the Releasement of the Prince of *Westphalia* from his Chains: Then she sent for him to come to her in her Closet, where *Eberardus* being conducted, and going towards the Princesses, who sat on a *Sopha*, cast himself at *Zulima's* Feet. He was going to speak, when the Princess preventing him, said, I was impatient to take from you the Marks of an unworthy Captivity: You are no longer my Slave, I give you Liberty, and in saying these Words, she took off his Chains.

If you release my Arms, Madam, said the Prince, looking on her with a respectful Tenderness, you cannot do that to my Heart; and I am no less your Slave without the outward Signs of Slavery, than if I bore them still. It is in your Heart I would have you bear them, reply'd the Princess; you are free, Prince, and nothing now can dishonour the Love that the Daughter of a powerful Monarch bears you; if my Virtue would permit  
me

me to grant unto you more distinguishing Marks of the Greatness and Sincerity of my Passion, the Great Prophet is my Witness I would shew them: But how violent soever my Love may be, that Virtue shall always over-sway it, and if I require you to answer it, it is to crown the most virtuous of Men.

Oh Madam! if you were sensible of all the Trouble in my Heart, you would forbear to perplex it; I am but too much wounded with your Beauty, and if I was but as Free as you believe me, if only the Memory of *Leonora* resisted your Charms, your Triumph would not be difficult: But, Madam, who can assure me my Bonds are broken, and who can remove the Obstacles the Difference of our Religion puts to our Desires; the Laws of ours, render the Ties of Marriage undissolvable, and forbids us for to unite with those of different Worship: Death only can loose those who are join'd by that Sacred Union, and as I cannot be assured of *Leonora's* Death, or that Religion shall not separate us, the pleasing Inclination I have for you, cannot overcome these two invincible Obstacles.

What,

What, Prince, said *Pbedima*, do you doubt of *Leonora*'s perishing in a Boat, when your Vessel was broke in Pieces? Doubt not but your Bonds are broken asunder, since Heaven would not have permitted so violent a Passion in *Zulima*, had it not rendered you capable of answering it; and as for the Obstacle of Religion, that is not invincible, but must be left to Heaven. Well, Madam, said the Prince, you Triumph, and as I am loaded with the Bounties you have so profusely cast on me, I promise that if *Leonora* be no more, and Heaven renders you capable of being united with me in that sacred Knot, I will no longer withstand my Inclination, but you shall be absolute Mistress of my Heart.

And I, Prince, said *Zulima*, give you mine for ever; be assured, that there is nothing I would not do to render us in a Condition to be united by that Holy Tie, and as a lasting Pledge of my Faith, take this Embrace; and finishing these Words, she embraced him, and he retired. *Pbedima* being left alone with *Zulima*, their Discourse was of the Virtues of the Prince of *Westphalia*, but more upon that Constancy

stancy of Love he shew'd for *Leonora*, whom he could not forbear Loving, tho' he was perswaded she was swallowed up in the Waves. How happy is a Woman, said *Phedima*, to whom Heaven gives a Man whose Love does not lessen by Duty, who is both a Husband and a Lover, and who finds, or thinks he hath all the Charms in his Wife, that he found in her before she was so.

They are so scarce, said *Zulima*, that one may travel a great way, before they find one; but allow with me, that the Inconstancy of Husbands is very often the Effect, either of the Infidelity, or Disrespect of the little Charms their Wives have; their Agreeableness, Virtues and Conduct, fix the Hearts of the others, and they ought rather to impute to themselves the Distasts they complain of, than to the Lightness of their Spouses. *Leonora*, reply'd *Phedima*, must certainly have been endowed with excellent Qualities, to render the Prince of *Westphalia* so constant. I know not what those of her Mind were, said *Zulima*, but for her Beauty, if we may judge of it by her Picture, it was beyond all that I have ever seen.

seen. Hereupon *Phedima* prayed the Princess for to shew her *Leonora's* Picture, which she took out of a little Drawer, but *Phedima* no sooner cast her Eyes upon it, but in a great Surprize falling two or three Steps backwards, by her Gestures express'd great Amazement. Why, said *Zulima*, do you seem so much surprized in looking on this Picture? Is it the Beauty of that Princess that astonishes you so much? It is the Picture of *Zaide*, the Principal of all my Slaves, answered *Phedima*, or *Zaide* resembles *Leonora* so much, that one would take them one for the other.

Nature, said *Zulima*, sports sometimes in these Likenesses; but I know not by what secret Foresight what you have said, troubles me; I feel myself agitated, methinks my Blood chills, and flows not in my Veins, a cold Sweat lies on my Forehead, and I stagger so that I am not able to help my self. Though *Zaide* may not be *Leonora*, said *Phedima*, I am apprehensive of Things which give me strange Suspicions; about Two Months since, the Governor's Wife of *Danietta* made me a Present of her, to convey her from  
her



her Husband. She is a Christian, but conceals with great Care her Name and Birth, and I observe in her a great deal of Piety in her Religion, a Patience in her Misfortunes, and in all her Actions, a Greatness of Soul, and Evenness of Temper, which is beyond all that can be said.

Oh cruel *Phedima*, cry'd *Zulima*, what is it you tell me, and what Tears may not this *Zaide* of yours cost me? But, Madam, reply'd *Phedima*, I have my private *Seraglio*, to which I retire sometimes, if you desire it, I will keep her so conceal'd that the Prince of *Westphalia* shall never know any Thing of her. What is it you say, Princess, said *Zulima*, and do you think me wicked enough to conceive so much Treachery? If I love the Prince more than can be imagin'd, yet 'tis not such a Love as is capable of making me fall into the least Weakness of that kind. Alas! *Phedima*, I tell you all that Virtue dictates to me, but do not confound that by proposing of what is Criminal; cast off all these guilty Views, which flatter my Love, and assist me rather to support with Firmness and Resolution my Misfortune

tune, if it is so great as I apprehend it for to be. She had no sooner said these Words, but a fainting Fit seiz'd her, and she laid herself down on the Bed; but being come to herself, and having signify'd to *Phedima* that she desir'd to be alone, that faithful Friend was forced to leave her to all that Disquiet wherewith she was tormented.



*Pure*





# Pure Love :

A

## NOVEL.



PART II.



EVER Night seem'd so long to the Princess, as this ; she never closed her Eye-lids ; her Memory, full of what she dreamt the Night before, continually represented to her, the Prince of *Westphalia* in the Arms of *Leonora* ; the more she fear'd to find in *Zaide* that happy Wife, the less she doubted that she

was

was her, and the Incertitude being more unsupportable to her than the Thing itself, she waited with Impatience the Approach of Day, to go to *Pbedima*, to inform herself of so formidable a Truth. At length, when Day appear'd, she could not long resist the Violence of her Disquiet, but getting up, and dressing herself with Precipitation, she went out of her Apartment, to go to that which *Pbedima* had in the Palace, when she had not a Mind to retire to her own *Seraglio*.

*Zulima* had got into a stately Gallery laid with Marble, which separated the two Apartments, when she discover'd the Prince of *Westphalia*, who to do his Duty, or perhaps more to satisfy his Love, was coming to the Princess's Door to receive his Orders. He was very much surprized to see the Princess stirring so early, but yet more, to perceive by her Eyes a Commotion which shew'd the Trouble of her Mind; as she was followed by her principal *Eunuchs*, he knew too well the Respect due to her, to dare to speak to her, and was contented for to cross his Arms, and make a low Bow; but the Princess ordered him to accompany her to *Pbedima*, and to give her his Arm to support her. She cared not to communi-

cate

cate the Secret of her Uneasiness to him, since it would only help to increase the Scruples that oppos'd her Love, and for fear he should penetrate into it, she cleared up those Clouds, and became as serene as possible; and not daring to speak to him before her Attendants, who increased as she went along, she shew'd her Tendernefs only by stolen Looks.

The Princess, when she came to *Pbedima*, was informed she was not stirring, and leaving the Eunuchs at the Door of the Apartment, the Prince of *Westphalia* on whose Arm she held, had the Liberty to go in with her. They went a-cross the second Hall through a Lane of *Pbedima's* Domesticks, when going into the Antichamber, *Zulima* saw the Door was open'd by a Slave richly dress'd, and of so ravishing a Beauty, that she was very much amazed. But how great was her Surprise, when she heard the Prince of *Westphalia* and that Slave give a Cry, and at the same Time saw the Prince fall at her Feet without Life, and the Fair Slave on her Knees, throw her Arms about *Eberardus's* Neck, lay her Face to his, and without thinking either where she was, or of the Regard due to the Presence of the Princess, did lay her Mouth



Mouth to his, and sprinkle him with her Tears.

What a Sight was this for *Zulima*! Though the Resemblance of this Slave's Features, with those of the Picture she took from *Eberardus*, might not have convinc'd her it was *Leonora*, in whose Arms she saw what she loved most in the World; this Adventure would have been sufficient to remove all Doubts. It was effectually She, and the wonderful Amazement of having exchanged their great Grief to extream Joy, reduced them to that Condition.

The Princess on one part seized with Admiration at the Love she saw in this Couple, who were at one and the same Time Happy and Unhappy; and on the other hand, pierced with all the Despair and Grief, that losing a Heart she tenderly loved, could inspire, remained motionless; and not daring to interpose in their Embraces, nor shew before *Leonora* the Passion she had for her Spouse, was content to assist in bringing him out of his Swoon. *Leonora*, who was that same *Zaide*, so dear to *Phedima*, intercepted his Speech with Sighs, and in the Transports of her Love, said, I have found you, dear Spouse, and Heaven, sensible

sensible of the Vows I offer'd up for you, was pleas'd that I should see you before I died: *Eberardus*, continued she, my dear *Eberardus*, open thy Eyes, and look on thy dear *Leonora*.

At these Words the Prince opening his Eyes, met those of *Leonora*, and fetching a Sigh, you have found again an Husband, said he, who adores you, and who groans for being, perhaps not so faithful as you believe him. No, *Leonora*, he deserves not all the Love you do shew him. The Paleness which his Swoon had caused in his Face, was presently changed to a Blush, which amazed *Leonora*; she could not penetrate into this Discourse, but was struck, and could not answer by reason of the Crowd of Slaves which *Zulima* had call'd about them, and *Phedima*, who herself rose when she knew the Princess was in her Apartment, and came at the Noise. The Prince seeing her, rose up, and *Phedima*, who soon penetrated into the Truth, both by the Grief she saw in *Zulima's* Eyes, and the Condition of *Eberardus* and *Leonora*, would not suffer the Slaves to be Witnesses, but made *Zulima* go into her Chamber, and the Prince and Princess follow.

As soon as they were all Four at Liberty, *Eberardus*, who was recovered from his Surprize, cast himself at *Zulima's* Feet, and presenting *Leonora* to her said, You see, Madam, *Leonora* is not buried in the Waves, and Heaven that hath restor'd her to me, hath by the greatest of all Happinesses render'd me the most miserable of all Mankind. Oh! Prince, said *Zulima* you know that in so fortunate a Juncture, the Misfortune reaches not them who can possess what is most dear to them. In saying so she fix'd her Eyes on *Leonora*, and blush'd. *Leonora*, who comprehended nothing by these Words, and to whom they had not reveal'd the Mystery, answered only with Respects due to the Princess.

But whatever Knowledge *Eberardus* had of *Zulima's* Greatness of Soul; yet he was too Wise, and Prudent, not to conceive the great Danger *Leonora* was in, if the Princess should consult her Love, Power and Policy, before her Virtue. This Reflection, tho' resisted by the high Esteem he had of *Zulima*, still made him uneasy. He repented of his first Surprize, and that he had discovered his Wife to a powerful Rival; but recovering himself out of this false Terror, No,

no,

no, said he to himself, the Princess is endow'd with a Virtue incapable of any Weakness, and *Leonora* is in no Danger.

Fortified with this Thought, he embraced *Zulima's* Knees, and shedding a Torrent of Tears, Great Princess, said He, Behold at your Feet a Prince, a Slave, who owes all to your Goodness, and who in his good Fortune, would enjoy more Tranquility, and be more innocent, was he less indebted to you. It is in vain, Adorable Princess, for Man to resist the Will of Heaven, whose Power rules all our Destinies. It hath restored me my *Leonora*, but alas, you know what it deprives me of, by giving me back so precious a Jewel; but this Happiness depends on you in depending on *Phedima*, and you know I value not my Life, and Liberty without that of *Leonora's*, whom I place under the Protection of your Virtue.

While he spoke thus, *Zulima* looked stedfastly on him, and by her profound Silence, gave him to understand the cruel Conflict in her Heart; at last, breaking Silence, Be Happy, Prince, said she, be the most Happy of all Men, and leave me the most Unfortunate of all Women. And you Princess, added she, turning her

her towards *Leonora*, possess in Quiet the most Accomplish'd and Amiable Prince in the World. And if my Sister here hath any Regard to my Entreaties, a Princess of your Merit shall from this Moment be no longer a Slave.

Then she embraced *Leonora*, and *Phedima* did the same, and from that Time looked on her no more as her Slave. *Zurima* made her sit by her, and thinking that the Prince had no less Impatience, than she and *Phedima* Curiosity, to know what happen'd to her after that Blast of Wind which separated her and her Spouse, desired her to relate that Adventure; *Eberardus* and *Phedima* back'd that Request, and that Princess, who had conceal'd herself two Months, satisfy'd their Curiosity in this Manner.





## *The* ADVENTURE *of* LEONORA.

AS soon as the Prince, my Spouse, made me get into the Boat, with the five Men of his Retinue, to escape the Shipwreck our Vessel was threatned with, a sudden Gust of Wind forced me from him, and in an Instant toss'd by the Waves, which seemed ready to swallow us up, I lost Sight of the Vessel, which I thought was cast away. The frightful Image of Death, which I had before my Eyes, gave me lesser Apprehensions than those of being separated for ever, from what alone was capable of rendering my Life agreeable; and far from desiring to be saved in the Boat, I had, if my Religion would have permitted, offer'd up my Prayers for its being cast away.

But Heaven, which conducts us by Ways unknown, willing to restore me to my Husband, opened not the Abyss of  
the



the Sea, which would have put an End to the most cruel Grief ever felt by any Woman. We row'd the Remainder of the Day, and all the Night, without knowing where we were, when we discover'd the next Morning a Cape, which the Pilot that steer'd our Boat, said, was the Height of *Damietta*. As this Town was in Subjection to *Noradin*, and the Sea was appeas'd, we designed to gain a more favourable Landing Place, but our Boat was discover'd by a Vessel that was Cruising, which coming upon us, press'd us very close

My Pilot did all he could for to avoid falling into the Hands of the *Corfair*, and ranged along the Coast, with a Design to run ashore if he found himself closely pursu'd, when the Boat was stay'd. My Sailours saved themselves by swimming, and of the five Men that were with me, four thought of saving themselves, only one Soldier stay'd with me, who seeing me floating on the Wrack, offer'd me his Hand to get me a-shoar. I was about accepting of it, and for to commit my self to his Strength and Care, when, by what Accident I know not, he suddenly disappear'd, and the Boat that was dispatched by the *Corfair*, came up

to

me at the very Instant of Time, and took me.

I could not help falling into the Hands of those *Corfairs*, who carried me in their Boat aboard their Vessel, commanded by a Slave of *Ibrahim Bassa*, Governor of *Damietta*, who, notwithstanding the deplorable Condition I was in, judged I was not an indifferent Prize; and having cloathed me magnificently, like an *Arabian* Slave, conducted me to *Ibrahim*. That *Bassa*, as you know, continued *Leonor*, turning herself towards *Phedima*, since it is to your Protection that he owes his Fortune, is a *French* Renegadoc, a handsome, magnificent, and very polite Man. He was passionately in Love with the Fair *Isatida*, whom you bestowed on him for a Wife, and on whose Account you are his Friend; and he's as well beloved by her, but that Correspondence of Inclinations is not able to withstand that gallant Humour, People of his Country are so subject to.

*Isatida* had ask'd him for such a Slave as he thought me to be, for her own Chamber; and I was no sooner arriv'd, but he put me into her Appartment, and placed me in the Rank of those Slaves who come nighest her Person. The Sweetness with  
D which

which that Generous Lady received me, and her Goodness in striving to comfort me under my Misfortunes, might have been able to have dissipated any others Grief but mine; I regretted incessantly the Loss I thought I had, and my Eyes were never dry, but when I constrained my self, that I might not abuse *Isatida's* Compassion.

I had not been there three Days in the *Seraglio*, when *Ibrahim* repented that he had given me to his Wife, and the little Time he saw me, being taken with me, he took an Opportunity when *Isatida* was at the *Baths*, and came into the Apartment where she left me. As he found me alone, he came up to me, and whether it was his customary Gallantry, or he effectually felt some Impression on his Heart, he endeavoured to persuade me that he had all the Love and Passion for me that was possible for an Heart to conceive.

This was a great Addition unto my Grief, and I saw with an inexpressible Affliction, that the next Day he took a fresh Occasion to speak to me, without exposing himself to *Isatida's* Regards, for which he had all the Caution his Circumspect Love, and the Prospects of his Fortune prescrib'd to him. He explained him-

himself this second Time in more vehement Terms than he had done; I found thereby, that I was in a cruel Condition, not that my Fidelity was capable of wavering, but because I foresaw the terrible Consequences that could by no means be hearkened to.

I was not to resolve on my Duty, but the manner of doing it, to break off an Amour which embarrass'd me; and after having spent an whole Night in imploring the Assistance of Heaven, I felt my self in a manner inspir'd to discover to *Isatida* the Inconstancy of her Husband, that so she might take all necessary Precautions to secure me against his Importunities. This Resolution seeming best to me in the Condition I was in, I concluded on it, and acquainted *Isatida* with all that her Husband had said to me, in whom I found all the Wisdom and Discretion I could desire; she appeared no ways chagrind, whereby he might fancy she was inform'd of that Passion, but on the contrary redoubled her Caresses, and was satisfi'd with removing me, and putting me in the most distant part of her *Seraglio*, the Place where her old Slaves were kept at Work.

She could not believe that a Passion but just form'd in a Heart so fickle as *Ibrahim's*, could withstand Absence; but the Wound was deeper than she thought of, and as soon as he perceived I was not about *Isatida*, he employed all his Wits to find out where I was, which he was not long a compassing. Perhaps he did not believe that I had privately intrusted his Wife with what he said to me; but not daring to go into an Apartment into which he never enter'd, and fearing to give his Wife any Umbrage, to whom it was his Interest to be complaisant, he set to work one of the *Black Eunuchs* that took Care of us, who by his Intrigues, engaged one of the old Slaves, who promised either to overcome soon my Resistance, or to deliver me up to those he should send to take me away.

That old Slave the same Day attempted what she promised; she spoke to me under the Veil of a good Friend, and I heard with Horror, Propositions as worthy of her Wickedness, as they were beneath a Princess and a Christian. She had no sooner discoursed me, but perceived her Endeavours would be in vain, and that my Heart was incapable of the Baseness she would insinuate into me. And

as she was apprehensive that I should discover her Treason to *Isatida*, she made *Ibrahim* resolve to take me presently away from where I was, to put me in a Place where he might be absolute Master of me.

The Plot was then laid for to take me away, and had without doubt been executed, if He, who sports with the Designs and false Prudence of Men, had not made use of this Resolve to conduct me to his End. This Rape was to be done secretly, and could not be executed but by the *Eunuchs* only that came into the Apartment where I was, when one of them that was in the Plot, having trusted one of his Comrades with the Secret, *Isatida* knew of it, and on the Information she receiv'd, resolved to prevent the Insult I was threatned with. *Ibrahim* laid his Design to execute it in the Morning, when the other Slaves were gone to the *Mosque*. Every Thing was ready, and I thought of nothing less than the Misfortune intended me; when in the middle of the Night I saw *Isatida* come into my Chamber, with only one Slave who lighted her.

She



She found me in that submissive Posture which we put our selves in, when we humble our selves before our Creator, and I was imploring his Assistance against the Assault of the *Bassa*, when I saw her enter. I rose as soon as she appear'd, and had not open'd my Mouth to testify the



Surprize I was in, to see her at such an extraordinary Hour, when taking me by the Arm, *Zaide*, said she, for that was the Name she gave me, Follow me, or prepare to yield your self to the Passion of *Ibrahim*. This Discourse seized me with Horror, but having lifted up my Heart and Thoughts to Heaven to leave me

me to Providence, I followed my Deliverer without any Hesitation, who attended only by her own Slave, conducted me by a back pair of Stairs, which led to a Door that opened to the Sea. As we went along, she told me whole Intrigue of her Husband's Plot to take me away, and how she was informed of it; then embracing often, through her singular Goodness, we came to the Door, which she had the Key of.

*Bagoas*, the most faithful of her *Eunuchs*, waited for us there, and had an Habit like his own ready for me, which *Isatida* made me take, with a *Turban*, and putting me thus disguised in the Hands of two of her Women dress'd in the same manner, she never left me, 'till she saw us embark'd in a small *Skiff* of *Pescheut*, that was provided for us. We went at the most propitious Time we could desire, and row'd along by the Shoar for two Days, without any ill Accident, and the third we arrived at the small Port *Carama*, from whence we travelled by Land to *Cairo*, where *Bagoas* fulfilled his Orders, and presented me from *Isatida* to the Protectress of her Fortune.

You know better than I, Madam, continued *Leonora*, speaking unto *Phedima*,  
what

what hath happened since; for by you I learnt that *Ibrahim* and *Isatida* had had a Difference, which you by your Prudence and Authority appeased; the Source and Rise of which they both concealed, the one for Shame, and the other through Goodness, and which I never thought proper to reveal to you 'till now.

Here *Leonora* made an End of her Story, and *Zulima* assuming the Discourse, said, We must adore the Secrets of Providence, that hath inimitable Ways to conduct us where ever it would we should go. Perhaps you might have perished in the Ship with *Eberardus*, or he in your Boat, had not the Divine Wisdom separated you. And it is probable *Ibrahim* had not loved you, but to engage *Isatida* to send you to a Place where you might find your Spouse again. But what I admire in the Christians is, that great Patience wherewith they bear all the Frowns of the Fortune. That Virtue which you admire, reply'd *Leonora*, is the Essential Character of a true Christian, who far from sinking under the Punishments that God afflicts him with, though he understands but little the Principles of his Religion, finds in the greatest Troubles in this Life, the most refreshing and solid Consolations.

'Tis

'Tis the Effect of the Light that doth guide us to Heaven, through one God made Man, who hath grounded the Law, which he hath given us, not only on the Contempt of the Riches of this World, which are less than an Atom, in respect of the everlasting Happiness he hath promised us, but on the Sufferings which he himself hath taught us the Practice; and the Way he traced out by the painful Life he led, and by the last Punishment to which he willingly submitted himself for us.

But, Madam, pursued *Leonora*, seeing that *Zulima* listen'd to her with Attention, we must be enlighten'd from Heaven, to penetrate into the substantial Reasons, whereby we support our Patience, and God communicates those Lights by his Grace, only to those who please him. In your Law the Spirit hath no other End than the Benefits and Advantages of the Body; but in ours, the Spirit ought always to be above the Flesh, and is not satisfy'd but when that it is Conqueror. Therefore as we only labour for the Trial of the Spirit, we look upon what is Earthy, or belonging to the Flesh, below our Regards; the Loss of our Goods seems unworthy of disturbing us, we take our  
Suf-

Sufferings to be the certain Means of carrying us to Heaven; and our Patience extends so far, as to pray for those whom God hath chosen to be the Instruments of his Justice, or rather of his Compassion.

*Zulima* hearkened to *Leonora* with an Attention which discovered the Pleasure she took to hear her; and though *Phedra* did not appear so much affected, yet she acknowledged that notwithstanding the Obscurities of the *Makometan* Superstition, her Natural Sentiments were not contradictory to what she had heard; but *Zulima* seeming to come out of a profound Meditation, answer'd and said, *I* am not at all amazed, that with Maxims so advantageous to the Spirit, supported by the Prejudice we naturally have for the Laws wherein we are brought up, you despise a Religion which appears to you less Spiritual and Pure. For my part *I* esteem Virtue where-ever I meet with it, and cannot hate the Christians when I find them Virtuous.

You would not be only content not to hate the Christians, said *Leonora*, but you would love their Religion, if you penetrated into the solid Grounds of those Maxims, of which *I* only give you a superficial *Idea*. May Heaven, to reward  
your

your Virtues, join to them those Lights that may instruct you in the Foundation of a Religion so Pure; but this, Madam, is not the Work of Man, but of Him that made all Hearts, and who alone is able to take them to him. *Zulima*, during this Discourse of *Leonora's*, felt unconceivable Emotions, which she only attributed to her Love for the Prince of *Westphalia*, she cast her Eyes on him, and meeting his, which he cast downwards at the same Time, she could not forbear blushing; whereupon she rose up, and so broke off the Conversation. She desired *Phedima* to take particular Care of *Leonora*, and to regard her no longer as a Slave; besides, that *Eberardus* might be with his dear Spouse, and they Two be left to entertain each other more freely. Afterwards she returned to her Apartment, where *Phedima* promised to follow her quickly.

*Zulima* was no sooner alone in her Closet, but Love, which had yielded to the Efforts of her Virtue, resuming all its Power, and representing to her the Loss of the Prince of *Westphalia*, at the Time she flattered herself with the Possession of him, fell suddenly into the most frightful Commotions, that a Tenderness, attend-

ed



ed with Despair, could inspire her with. She consider'd in a profound Silence, the deplorable Condition of her Heart, and to that *Idea* added the Happiness of *Leonora*. How much *I* envy thy Fortune, happy Princess, added she, alas, while my Heart is rent by the most violent and most unfortunate of all Passions, you triumph, and now enjoy the Heart you have taken away from me. A great many confused Thoughts agitated her Mind by Turns, and the Excess of her Love sometimes intermingling, made her Virtue tremble. She was in the Tumult of these Agitations, when they informed her the *Sultan* was in her Apartment, and that he was coming to her Closet.

Her Heart, which was full of Grief, startled, and though she did all she could to conceal the Disorder she was in, *Noradin* soon perceived that her Soul was not in a State of Tranquility: You seem, said he, indisposed, and I would have rather found you in a more capable Condition of receiving a piece of News which will please You, as much as it chagrins me. *I* come to tell you, that the Prince of *Arabia*, my Nephew, for whom *I* design'd you, and whom you could not love, is killed in a Battle fought against the  
*Persians.*

*Persians.* *Zulima*, who would have receiv'd that News with more Joy had she been in another Condition, heard it without Emotion: That which grieves you, said she to the *Sultan*, cannot be agreeable to me, and Heaven might have left you a Nephew, whom you cherished without giving him to me for an Husband.

The Pain that a Resolution gave you, which Policy made me take, said *Noradin*, in some measure eases my Displeasure; but, Daughter, that which comforts me more is, that my Word is now disengag'd, and I am Liberty to chuse another Husband for you; and as I know no Man who merits more by his Virtue and Services, to succeed me in my Empire, by espousing you than *Mustapha*, I am resolv'd to unite you two, and to defer it no longer, for fear other Princes, whom I shall make my Enemies by refusing them, should they demand you.

What a Thunder-stroke was this for *Zulima*, who was put to a great Non-plus, and fixed her Eyes on the Ground in a profound Silence; when the *Sultan* proceeding, said, You shew no Marks of that Joy which I thought to have caused in you. *Mustapha*, for Courage, Wit, and

and all the Qualifications of the Body, is the most Accomplish'd of Men; I owe to him the Safety of my Dominions, the Glory of my Arms, and perhaps my very Life: And you know that among us, Birth makes no Difference, but that we distinguish Men only by their Virtue. I know, said *Zulima*, coming out of her first Surprize, all the Merit of *Mustapha*, but Sir, I hope you will give me some Time to resolve on a Matter of so great Importance. By these very Words, reply'd *Noradin*, you began to refuse the Prince of *Arabia*; but then I did not make use of all my Authority over you, but now the Thing is alter'd, the Good of my Kingdoms will not permit me to defer this Resolution. As he made an End of these Words, they told him *Phedima* was at the Door; the *Sultan* order'd her to come in, and when she enter'd, come Niece, said he, assist me to dispose the Princess to what I desire from her, Obedience. She owes it you, answered *Phedima*, and I engage she will not refuse you any Thing you desire, except the Marriage with the Prince of *Arabia*, against which she had an invincible Antipathy. The Prince of *Arabia* is no more, reply'd *Noradin*, and his Death hath dis-

engaged

engaged me from my Word; but I would have her marry *Mustapha*, and I don't find the answers my Will with that Submission she ought to do: I leave you with her, incline her to obey me, and come two Hours hence and inform me of her Resolution.

Then the *Sultan* went to the *Divan*, and left the two Princesses in unexpressible Grief; *Phedima* loved *Mustapha* with the most violent Passion in the World, and the *Sultan* employ'd her to deprive herself of the Hopes of Possessing him, and *Zulima*, who had as great an Horror for this Alliance proposed, as she had Love for *Eberardus*, was in a most terrible Condition. They looked on each other some Time without speaking a Word, but at last *Phedima* said to *Zulima*, Can your Love withstand the Obstacle *Leonora* hath put to it, the absolute Will of a Father, and the Merit of *Mustapha*? I am lost Sister, if one of these three Things prevail over your Heart.

You think me very weak, answer'd *Zulima*, if you believe there is any Thing in this World capable to make me forfeit my Word I gave, not to deprive you of the *Vizier*. No, Sister, neither the Will of my Father, the Interest of the State

no

nor the Merit of *Mustapha*, shall ever make me consent to marry him. O Heaven, added she, must I see the Prince of *Westphalia* in the Arms of one who possesses him, and my Father determined to make me the Victim of his Policy, all in one Day: But Sister, I shall not deliberate, and since I am for to give you an Account of my Resolution, tell him it is never to have *Mustapha*. This Answer, reply'd *Phedima*, seems a little too precipitate, and perhaps will force the *Sultan* on something as hasty: I will manage him better, and as my Interest is join'd with yours, I will engage him to defer a Thing, Time may break the Success of.

This Advice being approved, the Princesses swore an inviolable Fidelity to each other, and to use all their Endeavours to avert this Resolution of the *Sultan's*. In the mean Time, the *Divan* sat not long, and *Noradin*, willing to inform *Mustapha* of the good Fortune he design'd him, detaining him alone, acquainted him with his Intentions, and had just received his Thanks, when *Phedima*, whom the *Sultan* had given Orders to be admitted, came into the Closet. Well *Phedima*, said *Noradin*, does my Daughter conceive the Happiness she will enjoy in being  
*Musta-*

*Mustapha's* Wife? Will she obey me as readily as I would have her? Sir, said *Phedima*, the Princess cannot resolve so readily as you would have her; she is sensible of the Merit of the Husband you design for her, but *Mustapha* ought to desire to receive from the Hands of Love itself, a Spouse his Virtues render him worthy of; in saying these Words, she cast her Eyes languishingly on those of the *Vizier's*, and had not his Heart been before possess'd, those Glances were capable of penetrating it, and to inform him of all that pass'd in that of *Phedima's*.

But *Mustapha*, intirely taken up with the unexpected happiness, which satisfied his Love and Ambition, comprehended not what *Phedima* said to him, but answer'd and said, Princess, do you, whom I have always found in my Interest, do you approve that I consent to defer my Happiness? No, no, you have honour'd me too much with your Friendship, to make me doubt you would not do any Thing to make me soon happy. For my Part, said the *Sultan*, I order you to go and tell *Zulima*, she must obey me in two Days.

*Phedima*



*Phedima* then went away, and *Mustapha* leaving the *Sultan*, sent for the Prince of *Westphalia*, who was with *Leonora* in *Phedima's* Apartment, where their Love required a faithful Account of the Time of their Separation; the Prince told her the Adventure, when he was a Slave, but concealed *Zulima's* Weakness, by attributing to her Compassion, what really was the Effect of her Passion. They were thus enjoying themselves reciprocally, when the *Chijoux* came to bid *Eberardus* wait on the *Vizier*, whither he conducted him.

*Mustapha*, when he saw the Prince, he was surprized that he wore no Chains: Are not you a Slave, said he, when the other came forwards; and why do you not wear your Chains? The Princess, answer'd *Eberardus*, would take them off. She might, reply'd the *Vizier*, you were her Slave, and it was in her Power to dispose of thy Liberty; but since Compassion hath so far extended her Bounty, you must make use of your Credit with her in my Favour. The *Sultan* hath made Choice of me to be her Husband, but I desire to owe it more to her Love, than the Authority of her Father. This is enough to inform you in what I desire of you

you, go and speak to her in my Favour, and when my Desires are accomplish'd, I will send you back to *Europe*.

After *Eberardus* had paid to the *Vizier* that Respect that was due to him, he retired; but it is hard to tell what pass'd in his Mind; till then he thought to have had only some Shadows, or the Beginning of a Tenderness, which was stifled by his Love for *Leonora*. The Sight of a Spouse so dear to him, and found again, contrary to his Expectations, had even suspended in his Breast, the Impressions the Princess made; but when he learnt from *Mustapha* she was to be his Wife, a jealous Spite made him sensible that he loved her more than he believed; and by an Emotion which he was not Master of, and the Motive of which he did not penetrate into, he resolved to make use of all the Influence he had over the Princess, to hinder his Marriage; not that he was capable of conceiving unworthy *Idea's* of his Virtue, or that of the Princess; but formed to himself a Pleasure, not to see her in the Arms of a Rival so odious to him; which gave him another, to think he loved her, and was beloved by her.

*Phedima,*

*Phedima*, in the mean Time being returned to *Zulima*, they concerted Measures how they might avert a Blow that was equally fatal to them both. When the Prince of *Westphalia* was introduced to them, the two Princeesses were sat on Cushions laid on the Tapistry, and the Prince kneeling by them, they held Council about this unfortunate Conjunction. I should not be so uneasy to resolve, said *Zulima*, was the Prince of *Westphalia* in the free State I thought him in Yesterday; and I should not scruple to forsake my Crowns, to follow unto the End of the World, the only Man, of whom a lawful Possession would make me happy. But after the terrible Obstacle *Leonora's* good Fortune puts to the Resolution I may have taken, and which an innocent Love would have render'd excusable, I should, in the Eyes of the World, draw on my self Suspicions that would stain my Virtue, if I should do so violent and rash an Act.

No, Madam, answered the Prince, I would not have you expose a Virtue so pure as yours, to the injurious Suspicions such a Resolution might create; you are Heir to the most flourishing Monarchy in the World, what hinders but you may  
reign

reign without an Husband? Have you less Courage and Virtue than so many Queens who have gloriously filled their Thrones? And cannot you declare to the *Sultan*, that you are content for to be his Daughter, without lessening your Self, by becoming the Wife of a Slave, that rose from Nothing.

This Council is very Generous, said *Phedima*, but I would rather, Madam, you would feign a Consent, and in the mean while, by long Delays, wait 'till Time may bring about some favourable Accidents we cannot foresee. But, answer'd *Zulima*, if *Noradin* will force me in Two Days to give my Hand to *Mustopha*. I know an infallible Way for to avoid that, reply'd *Phedima*, you have not yet been at Mecca to visit Mahomet's Tomb; pretend you have made a Vow not to Marry, 'till you have paid that Respect to the Prophet. You know *Noradin* is Superstitious, and will be afraid of drawing on him the Wrath of Heaven, by doing any Thing against his Religion. This Journey will take up many Months before it can be finished, and some Time to make Preparations for it; by this Means you will escape the Blow, and perhaps some unforeseen Accident may

may happen, and so frustrate that Resolution.

*Zulima*, and the Prince, applauded this Advice, and the same Day began for to spread about the Court, that the Princess had made a Vow to go to Mecca, for to carry, herself, the Present sent every Year to Mahomet's Tomb. All this Time, *Mustapha* for his part was not so easy, and as soon as the Prince of *Westphalia* had left him, reflected on the Readiness of the Princess to set him at Liberty, and above all, upon what she had said to him in his Favour; considering at the same Time, that he was a Brave, Wise, and Handsome Prince: These Reflections insinuated into his Heart the first Leaven of Jealousy, which he was resolved to inform himself in. *Leonora* was that Evening to pay her Respects to the Princess, who made her stay and lie in her Apartment. *Zulima*, who was overwhelmed with Grief, had retir'd early, and *Leonora* with the Prince of *Westphalia*, had gone through her Chamber on a Terrass which was between her Chamber and the Nile, to take the Air; and after having walk'd a long Time alone, by the Moon-light, went for to rest themselves on a Marble Bench, nigh a kind of a Niche of Shell-work,

work, at the End of which was a Bird-Cage, which the Princess used to hang at her Bed's Feet.

There was no getting to this Terrass, but through the Princess's Apartment, or the *Sultan's* Baths. *Mustapha*, who procured the Keys of the Baths, and disguised himself in the Habit of an old Slave, was hid behind a Winding of this Niche, so that it was impossible to perceive him. *Leonora* had much such a Shape and Port as *Zulima*; for the Prince of *Westphalia*, he had an Air which must needs be known; so that *Mustapha*, having seen them come out of the Apartment, and walk by themselves, and sit on the Bench, was confirm'd more than he would have been in his Suspicions, but forbore his Rage; when list'ning unto what they said, he knew the Voice of the Prince of *Westphalia*, who sat next to the Niche, and heard him say to her that was with him, Yes, my Princess, *I* will die sooner than cease a Moment to love You; think not that *I*, either Free, or in Chains, am capable of being unfaithful: Should *I* be Treacherous to You, should *I* abandon You, who love Me with so much Ardour, *I* should be the most Ungrateful of all Men. In making an End of these Words,



Words, he gave her a passionate Kiss, and imbracing her, said, No, my Princess, I tell you nothing shall ever separate us.

*Mustapha's* Patience could contain no longer at a Sight of this Nature, tho' he resolved not to appear; but his Rage



overpowering his Reason, and coming out of the Niche with his Poignard in his Hand, threw himself on this Couple, who were embracing of each other. *Leonora* whose Face was that Way, was so happy to see the Poignard by the Moon-Light and to lay hold of *Mustapha's* Hand

wh

who, in the great Agitation he was in, and his Rage mixed with Fear, miss'd his Blow; and to disengage himself readily, let fall his Poignard at *Leonora's* Feet, and returned with haste to the *Bath*, and shut the Door.

So strange an Adventure put *Eberardus* into a great Amazement; his first Care was to know if *Leonora* was not wounded, and her, to inform herself the same Thing for him; and when their reciprocal Fear was dissipated, they took up the Poignard, and returned to the Princess's Chamber, and informed her of what had happened. The Habit of the old Slave, which they knew to be the Assassin, and the Retreat to the *Sultan's* Baths, where no Woman ever ventur'd, made them conjecture it was a Man disguis'd; - but when *Zulima* had observed the Poignard, she knew it to be the same she had made him a Present of. She then concluded this must undoubtedly be some Slave of the *Vizier's*, or those who belonged to the *Baths*, whom *Musiapha* had corrupted to take away the Prince of *Westphalia's* Life; for to imagine that he would expose himself to do such a Thing, was what she could not perswade herself.

In the mean time, the Princess thought it would be proper that the Prince of *Wesphalia* should be hid till she had discover'd the Secret of an Adventure of that Importance; and said, that if the *Vizier*, so powerful as he was had formed a Design of Assassinating him, it was impossible but he would find out some way or other to execute it; and that as he knew he was with her, there was an indispensable Necessity he should depart from her Apartment, where he would be discover'd. This Precaution was approved of by *Leonora*, and though the Prince of *Westphalia* opposed it himself, through the Intrepidity of his Courage, which was beneath hiding himself, yet reflecting on the Interest the Princess had in his Safety, he consented to go to *Phedima's* Apartment, there to be concealed. *Zulima* would have complain'd to *Noradin* of so insolent a Thing, but as Men were not permitted under Pain of Death to go on that *Terrass*, and as there was no other way than through her Apartment, she feared by complaining to the *Sultan*, she should expose her Virtue to dangerous Interpretations, and the Life of the Prince to a dismal Punishment.

She

She was persuaded that the *Vizier*, for his part, had very substantial Reasons not for to speak of it to the *Sultan*, since it would make him guilty of an Assassination committed by his Orders; and as there could be no other Witnesses than the Assassin, who by this Discovery would suffer Death, the Thing lay hush'd. These Reflections agitated her all Night, and *Leonora*, who spent best part of the Night by her Bed-side, was in the most mortal Disquietudes; she saw herself at the Hazard of losing her dear Husband, who was exposed to the greatest Danger in the World, when she had but just found him again; and implored Protection for him, of a Princess, who was much more interested in the Preservation of that Prince, than she imagin'd.

Though *Eberardus* and *Zulima* both penetrated into the jealous Motive that made the *Vizier* engage in this Undertaking, neither of them discovered the Secret to *Leonora*, but did what they could to hide it from her. But *Leonora* taking, in this Discourse, favourable Opportunities to cause *Zulima* to admire at the Providence of a God, who had delivered the Prince out of so many Dangers, spoke in so moving'a Manner of the Trust, and

Confidence that she put in the same God, founded on the solid Truths of her Religion, that from that Time she raised in the Heart of *Zulima* those Dispositions to true Knowledge, she desired to communicate to her. On the other Hand, *Mustapha* raging in the Flames of Jealousy, which he believed justly grounded, and grieved for having miss'd his Stroke, resumed his own Habit, and retired into an Apartment reserved for him in the *Seraglio*, where he shut himself up, under the Pretence of being out of Order, and indispos'd; there agitated with the most frightful Idea's Rage and Love could suggest, he proposed a thousand dismal Resolutions, which destroyed one the other, but which all tended to the Ruin of *Eberardus*.

He consulted only on the Means, how to execute the violent Resolution he had taken, and after having rejected several which did not please him, at length he thought, that he might not anger the Princess, of which he was very cautious, who would not bear with Patience for to have her Domestick assassinated, and that before her Face, it would be better to prevail upon the *Sultan* to send the Prince of *Westphalia* back into *Europe*, and that  
when

when he was on Board the Vessel, he would embark some faithful Creature of his, who should find a Way to throw him into the Sea, or kill him, and that this Kind of Death would be unknown to the Princess. He fixed on this, and having thrown himself on the Tapistry to pass the rest of the Night, he waited with Impatience to go to the *Sultan*, before the Princess should speak with him.

When he came to *Noradin*, which was before his *Level*, after having discoursed with him about several Expeditions that were very pressing, he at last told the *Sultan*, that he was informed, that while the Prince of *Westphalia* had been his Slave, though he was reduced to a very mean Employ, yet notwithstanding, as he had a great Genius, he had found out Means of forming Intrigues and Cabals, and even had Correspondents whom he had informed of all Things, insomuch that he served as a Spy for the Christians; that he having had the good Fortune to ingage the Princess, who is full of Goodness, to beg him, and that he having made a Present of him, without perceiving the Consequences, she had set him at Liberty; and that this cunning and ingenious Prince, supported besides by her Favour,



Favour, might in that Condition, be a more dangerous Spy; and as he was no more a Slave, through *Zulima's* Generosity, but might prejudice the State, his Advice was to send him back to *Europe* by the first Ship that went.

The *Sultan* giving Ear to so plausible a Story, commended the Prudence of his *Vizier*, approved of his Advice, and charged him to expediate the Departure of that Prince. *Mustapha* having obtained what he desired, retired, and flatter'd himself of executing shortly his Revenge, by making sure of some *Fanizaries*, who should accomplish his Desires.

While he thus disposed all Things for his Project, the Princess no sooner saw Day, but perceived *Pbedima* coming into her Room; whom the Prince of *Westphalia*, who was in her *Seraglio*, had informed of what had happened on the Terrass. *Zulima* was in Bed, and *Leonora* was just come off her Palate, when these three Princesses deliberating on what was to be done in so nice a Conjunction, to make sure of the Prince's Life; all three agreed that it was impossible for to preserve him from the Violences of the *Vizier*, who had the Ascendant over the *Sultan*, and

was

was Master of the Soldiers, but by sending him into *Europe*.

It was *Leonora* who broach'd this Advice, so agreeable in all Points to her Interest; *Phedima*, who knew the Love of the Princess, made some Difficulty to agree to it: But as this was the only Expedient, too many Reasons fortify'd it: and after wavering some Time, she at last own'd this was the only Means for to preserve the Prince's Life. Just then *Zulima* looking on her with Eyes which discover'd her Weakness, Grief, and Love, could not help blushing; but hiding from her dear Confidant, the secret Design she had form'd in her Heart, yes, my dear Sister, said she, I conceive there is no other Way than that you approve of, and I give my Consent to it; then turning herself towards *Leonora*, Go and be happy, Princess, said she to her; if this Resolve succeeds, how joyful will it be for you two, to see one another in your own Dominions, and to possess each other in Tranquility! But believe me, Princess, added she, that in the midst of all my Greatness and Crowns, I envy your happy Fate.

She

She pronounced these Words in so passionate a manner, that *Leonora* was surprized; Love is quick and penetrating, and that Spouse, who till then, attributed all *Zulima's* Goodness to Compassion, seemed presently to open her Eyes, and discover that that Princess had a Tenderness for *Eberardus*, surpassing downright Generosity. She called to Mind the first Words of her Husband, when they met at *Pbedima's*, and that Thought made her Blush. But reflecting, that the Princess consented, without any Reluctancy, to their Return to *Europe*, and knowing her Virtue, and the Greatness of her Soul, that Penetration only produced a small Disturbance in her Heart, without any great Uneasiness; insomuch that she only reply'd, that if she had any Thing in her Condition, worthy her Envy, it was that of being Educated under a Law, that raises the Mind above all the Greatness of the World.

When these three Princesses had concluded, that they must endeavour to procure the Prince of *Westphalia's* Return as soon as possible into *Europe*, *Zulima* said to *Pbedima*, But Sister, cannot you by discovering to the *Vizier* the Love you have for him, ingage him in a favourable

Diver-

Diversion ; let him know how much more sweet it is to possess an Heart that inclines towards us, than to force one to an Alliance, that hath a mortal Antipathy. Do this both for me and your self, and if this does not succeed, I will let you into a Design which I cannot as yet discover to you. Hope not, reply'd *Phedima*, that he will ever make so disadvantageous an Exchange ; but to serve you there is nothing that I would not undertake : In this indeed, I follow the Inclination of my own Heart, and this Morning I will see him, since he ask'd me Leave to see me, when that I came back from the *Mosque*.

The Princesses afterwards parted, and *Phedima* having taken *Leonora* with her, *Zulima* got up, and to make Things ready for the Project she had formed, went to the *Sultan*, where after she had declar'd the Reluctancy she had to prepare herself for the Marriage propos'd ; she desired him to give her Leave to go to the Foot of *Mahomet's* Tomb, to consult his Oracle, since she had made a Vow for to go there, before she gave her Hand to any Man whatsoever, and that she could not upon any Consideration whatsoever, dispense with what she had promised the Prophet.

The *Sultan* found himself perplexed with this Proposal: He was Haughty, and would not be disobey'd, and had some Politick Views, which made him think this Marriage ought quickly to be consummated. But his Superstitious Respect for the Prophet, prevailed above all other Reasons, and he could not refuse granting the Princess the Performance of a Vow, after which she could not propose any other Excuse.

The Princess retir'd, very well satisfy'd with the Success of this first Step, which open'd a Way to the executing of her Design; but while she was with the *Sultan*, the *Vizier* was with *Pbedima*, who waited for him. The End *Mustapha* had in this Visit, was to sound whether the Princess had discovered any Thing to *Pbedima* about the Adventure on the Terras, for he never doubted but that it was *Zulima* who was talking so amorously with the Prince of *Westphalia*; but as the Princesses had agreed not to speak of it to the *Sultan*, *Pbedima* took Care to say nothing whereby he might think that she knew any Thing of that Adventure.

As *Pbedima* secretly lov'd him from his first Appearance at Court, she supported him by her Interest, and he was partly obliged

obliged to her Advice and Assistance for his good Fortune. She was a Daughter of one of the *Sultan's* Sisters, and her soft, insinuating, canting Ways, gained her so much Credit with her Uncle, that render'd her the Princess's Confidant: She was about Three and Twenty, and her Beauty, which was delicate, was in its full Lustre. Had not *Mustapha* raised his ambitious Thoughts up to *Zulima*, he would have been proud of the Honour of being ally'd to *Pbedima*, and the former Services she had done him, would certainly have moved him; but the superior Merit of the Princess, joined to the Advantages of Fortune, made the *Vizier* only remain within the Bounds of a respectful Acknowledgment, which attached him as a Creature of hers, and not as a Lover.

As soon as he was introduced into that Princess's Closet, You see, Madam, said he to her, the most Happy of all Favourites, and the most Unfortunate of all Lovers. Your Bounties have helped me to push at the Height of Fortune, and I come to implore them still in Favour of my Love. The *Sultan* giveth me the Princess, but she refuses me, and my Passion, which I have made known to her



a long Time, cannot find Way to her Heart; but as you have an Influence over her, may I hope you will employ your Interest to bring that about, which I cannot obtain.

The Princess, reply'd *Phedima*, hath all the Esteem for your Merit, you can expect from her Discernment; she knows how much the State is oblig'd to you, and is sensible of the Favour you enjoy, and the Love you have for her: But, Sir, whatever Reason she may have for to love you, Love does not always hearken to Reason; there are secret Sympathies that unite Hearts by invincible Chains, and when these Sympathies do not become Reciprocal, it is in vain to strive to gain a Heart which hath not an Inclination towards us. But if it is Nature, said *Musapha*, that destines Hearts to Love, why does she do but half her Work; and why does it infuse in me this Inclination towards *Zulima*, without giving her the same for me?

It is, said *Phedima*, the Caprice of Nature, and the same Thing she effects on the Princess in regard to you, she may effect on you in regard to another: For in short, continued she, looking on him tenderly, do you think that there are not  
Hearts

Hearts, which do not discover in you, who have so much Merit, that Sympathy they could wish to find? Do you think you are the only One who Loves, and hath the Mortification to meet with an Heart that answers not that Love? The Princess finds in hers an Obstacle to your Happiness; but alas! Sir, if you knew the Bottom of some other Hearts, you would own you are not the only one to be pitied.

During this Discourse, her Looks were so tender and languishing, that it was no hard Matter for *Mustapha* to comprehend what she would say. He was very much embarrassed, and to avoid entering into a Subject that would give him some Uneasiness, he turned his Answer very artfully on what he intended to know. It is very hard, said he, that an Heart should not answer to the Love shewn to it, when on its own part, it is not engaged elsewhere by another Inclination. Is not her Heart, Madam, possess'd with a Passion which will not permit her to hearken to mine? So many Kings and Tributary Princes fill the Court of the *Sultan*, and the Princess hath such Abundance of powerful Charms, that there may be Objects which may engage her.

Love

Love is always Jealous, reply'd *Phedima*, but, Sir, I can answer for her Insensibility towards all those Princes; and if her Heart was susceptible of Love, she, without doubt, would prefer you to all others.

I ask you not, Madam, said *Mustapha*, to betray the Confidence she reposes in you; but if your Penetration had discovered the Obstacle, which might proceed from some Inclination towards a Rival, I may presume, from the Continuation of your Favours, I should be informed of it from you. Said *Phedima*, Neither her Confidence, nor my Penetration, are capable of letting me into what your Jealousy requires; but if the Princess is resolved not to Love, why are you so obstinate to force her Heart? Ambition has a greater Share in your Desires than Love, and if so, would you not be a thousand Times more Happy to receive a Wife from Love, than one who is forc'd by her Duty to yield to your Ambition?

All this Time, *Phedima* did all that was possible to explain herself more by her Looks than what she said; and *Mustapha*, who found he was drawn into a Discourse he would avoid, and who knew that either *Phedima* knew nothing of what pass'd

pass'd the Night before, or would not explain her self to him; broke off the Conversation, and rose up, saying, My Ambition is not so great; as my Love for the Princess; I depend on your good Offices, and believe, after *Zulima*, nothing in this World is so dear to me as *Phedima*. He went away in saying these Words, which were sufficient to let *Phedima* understand, that he comprehended what she said; and therewith she flattered her Passion, since being sure that *Zulima* would never consent to marry him, she might thereon ground some Hopes of her Love. Taken up with this Idea, she believed she had now nothing to do, but for to fortify the the Princess in her Dislike and Refusal of *Mustapha*: But the Return of the Prince of *Westphalia* into *Europe*, confounded her; she reflected, that as soon as that Prince should for ever be parted from *Zulima*, that Absence might smother her Love for him, and that her Heart thereby becoming free, she might condescend to the Authority of a Father, who pressed her so much.

Afterwards she went and gave her an Account of the Discourse she had with the *Vizier*; and at last, falling into that of the Prince's Return into *Europe*, but  
Sister

Sister, said she, what Reasons have you to imagine this Departure necessary for the Safety of the Prince's Life; can you resolve to leave him for ever? Certainly, your Passion is not great, for a true Lover would argue after another Manner than you do. I love *Eberardus*, answer'd the Princess, with a Passion that exceeds all you can imagine, and I would forsake all the Grandeurs of this World, to possess him in the smallest Cottage. But, Sister, his Life is dearer to me than my own, and though I know it will be impossible for me to survive his Absence, I would rather die separated from him, than to see him perish in my Arms. What I desire of you is, that you will let him come this Night into your Apartment, where I will see him alone without *Leonora*, for this last Time to instruct him in my Resolutions, and according as I find him disposed, resolve for to execute them.

*Phedima* promised her the Liberty of that private Conversation, and accordingly performed it; but she was no sooner gone out by a little Door, where *Zulima* followed her to give her some particular Orders, when the *Sultan* and *Mustapha* enter'd at the other Door: *Zulima* had left

left on the Table, beneath the Looking-Glass, a little Coffer she locked her Jewels up in, open; and on those Jewels, which it was full of, there lay *Mustapha's* Poignard, whose Handle, which was rich with Diamonds, made a great Show. The *Sultan* and the *Vizier* perceived it both at the same Time, and *Noradin* having taken it, and knowing it was *Mustapha's*, How comes my Daughter by your Poignard, says he? At that *Mustapha* was very much confused, and though he had Courage and Resolution enough, yet he could not help shewing some Disorder. I lost it Yesterday, said he, and I suppose some Domestick of the Princess's found it, and brought it to her. Just then the Princess came in, and seeing that Poignard in her Father's Hand in the Presence of the *Vizier*, was in a great Consternation; when the *Sultan* asked her how she came by the *Vizier's* Poignard, he lost the Day before: Her Confusion was not less than that of *Mustapha's*, but having presently reflected she might make Use of this Incident to dissipate the Umbrages of the *Vizier*, reply'd with an open Sincerity, that the Prince of *Westphalia's* Wife had pick'd it up on the Terrass, and had brought



brought it into her Chamber, and that she was ready to restore it.

The Prince of *Westphalia's* Wife ! said the *Vizier*, in a Manner that shewed an equal Surprize; had any Body but the Princess said it, I should have thought that they had a Mind for to divert themselves.

I should not divert my self with so singular an Adventure, said the Princess, looking on the *Vizier* fiercely, I tell you, the Princess of *Westphalia* took it up at her Feet; and if you knew *Zaide*, who has been *Phedima's* Slave for these two Months, you would know *Leonora*, whom the Prince her Husband hath but found out within these two Days. Neither *Zulima*, nor the *Vizier*, intended that the *Sultan* should be informed of the Particulars of the Adventure. But it is impossible to imagine what pass'd in *Mustapha's* Breast; if the Princess spoke Truth, he perceived the Injustice of his Jealousy and Attempt: But Love, which is apt to torment itself; made him think that it was an Artifice of *Zulima's* to disguise her Intrigue, and with this Thought, he excited in the *Sultan* a Desire for to see *Leonora*.

*Zulima*

*Zulima*, who was piqued that the *Vizier* should dispute her Word; and willing to confound him, sent to *Phedima's* for *Leonora*; when she came, *Zulima* presented her to the *Sultan*, as a Princess of extraordinary Merit. *Mustapha*, who knew her again by her Air, Port, Shape, and also by her Habit, which was the same he saw her in on the *Terrass*, no longer doubted but that he was mistaken. But the *Sultan*, who was taken with *Leonora's* Beauty, no sooner saw her, but he conceived a violent Passion for her, which was no rare Thing with him; but taking Care not to shew it before his Daughter, he only passed a Compliment on her, and praised her Beauty, Modesty, and the Wit she shewed in all her Answers.

The *Sultan* came that Time to the Princess, to inform her of his Resolution to send the Prince of *Westphalia* away, in a Vessel which was to Sail the next Day for *Sicily*; but the Sight of *Leonora* made him change his Mind, and order the *Vizier* for to put off the Departure of that Prince.

When the Night came, and *Phedima* had acquainted the Princess. *Eberardus* was in her Closet, she went to him, and related how the Poignard was found with her,

her, and the Occasion of presenting *Leonora*. Oh! Madam, cry'd *Eberardus*, what have you done? You have certainly ruined me. I own that the Umbrages are removed, which expos'd me to the Outrage of the *Vizier*: But the *Sultan* is too insatiable in the Number of his Mistresses, and I am afraid of the dismal Consequences.

I know how to prevent all he can meditate, reply'd *Zulima*, depend on my Word; but to explain to you what obliges me to see you at this time, is, Prince, to know of you, whether you find your Heart dispos'd to love me till Death? No one could be more amazed than the Prince of *Westphalia* was at this Discourse. What, Madam, said he, have I not already discover'd enough of my Heart to you? Heaven is my Witness, that I have all the Tenderness for you, possible for any one to conceive, and if I durst say Love, I should: Yes, Madam, I should believe my self the most Happy of all Men, if I loved you not, or if I was permitted to love you. My Love to you, is the only Thing that hinders me from tasting all the Happiness of being possess'd of the most beautiful Woman of *Europe*, and the good Fortune I have to enjoy

enjoy her, makes me a Martyr when I think of you: In this State, pity my Weakness, Madam, and contend not with an Heart, which is already but too much overcome, but which is only capable of the Tendernefs. and not the mean Actions of Love.

If yours is endow'd with these Sentiments, believe me, Prince, said *Zulima*, mine hath yet, perhaps, some more Tender and Pure, I love You more than all the World besides: But think not that my Love is able for to conceive the least Baseness, promise me to love me eternally, without engaging what you owe to *Leonora*; but do you promise me? Yes, Princess, said *Eberardus*, all that my Duty and Virtue will permit, I promise, and to love you more than my self. As for my part, Prince, said she, I swear to you an Eternal Love; and to give you a more demonstrable Mark than ever, I abandon all my Crowns, and renounce my Grandeur, and even Nature itself, to conduct you my self into *Europe*, and to pass my whole Life with You and *Leonora*.

Oh Madam! What is it you say, reply'd *Eberardus*, casting himself at *Zulima's* Feet, and bathing her two Hands, on which he fix'd his Mouth, with his Tears?

Tears? What you tell me, Princess, is pushing your Love too far: An unfortunate Wretch whom you never knew but as a Slave, deserves not so terrible a Sacrifice. Reserve to yourself those Crowns which wait on you, and preserve only for me that Heart, which I am not worthy of, but through the Excess of my Love to you. What, Prince, said *Zulima*, you love me, would you leave me behind, and can you resolve never to see me any more? Now I find you love me not. Oh Princess! answered *Eberardus*, can you think so ill of my Heart? Alas, that I might wear nigh your Person, all my Life, those Chains you freed me from. What a cruel Test of my Love do you require? And cannot I persuade you that I Love, but by consenting that you should loose the greatest Empire in the World for me? Well, Madam, added he, You would have me yield to your Desires, and as my Fate depends on you, I shall do whatever you desire.

*Zulima* satisfied with the Prince's Consent, charged him to speak to his Spouse of it, and having embraced him, went away; when he returning to her Apartment, where she left *Leonora*, she found her very much confounded with the Presents

sents the *Sultan* had sent her, under the Pretext of a Compliment. As that Monarch was as Gallant, and Magnificent as Amorous, he had no sooner got to his Apartment, but he sent an Officer of the *Seraglio*, to compliment the Princess of *Westphalia*, and to lay at her Feet, Presents with which twelve *Eunuchs* were loaded. To refuse was a Contempt; and to receive them an Engagement; and in this Perplexity, *Zulima* came in very à propos.

She informed her of the Consequences of these Presents, and that she must manage very subtly to amuse the *Sultan*, till their premeditated Flight; for Fear, lest by irritating him, he should take some dangerous Resolution. Therefore by the Advice of *Zulima*, she sent back Ten of the Baskets full of Jewels and Precious Stones, and kept only Two; one of which contained Refreshments, the other a magnificent Garment.

*Zulima* could not yet judge, whether the *Sultan* from the first View had taken Fire; but she foresaw, that if he was in Love, as the Richness of his Present gave Cause enough to presume, he would not let her go: Therefore, to prevent the Misfortune, she was resolved to hasten her



her Voyage to *Mecca*; which only served for a Pretext to get a Vessel, to steer their Course afterwards to *Europe*. Next Day she saw the *Sultan*, and asked him for a Vessel, that she might perform her Vow. *Noradin* heard the first Proposal of this Journey with Chagrin, but as he believed *Zulima's* Absence might favour the Designs he had on *Leonor*, he shewed the less Impatience for her Departure. One of the best Vessels in the Port, and which was ready for Sailing was granted her; nothing was thought on, but hastening the Presents design'd for *Mahomet's* Tomb, on Board; and to add to them all that might contribute to the Magnificence, the *Sultan* would have his Daughter appear in.

This Idea of *Noradin's*, was of great Service to the Princess; who, under the Pretence of embarking what belonged to the Train of a Princess that would appear with Lustre, she put on Board all the Riches, Gold, and Jewels, she could amass together, by the Industry of *Phidima*, and other Persons she employed. But to bring about the Design she had formed, there were two difficult Points to get over; the one was to embark *Leonor*, and the Prince her Husband, with-

out

out either the *Sultan's* or *Vizier's* knowing of it; and the other was, for to gain the Master of the Vessel. For the Master, they durst not venture to corrupt him, lest he should betray the Design: Then their only Way was to force him, which was to be done by some Persons they could confide in, and by Arms. For Arms, it was an easy Matter to convey them amongst the Princess's Baggage, and for Men, the Prince of *Westphalia*, who appeared with more Liberty, and had paid his Respects to the *Sultan*, undertook to make sure of Forty *French* and *German* Slaves, pick'd out amongst the most Brave and Resolute; whose Ransoms the Princess caused to be paid off, and whom the Prince engaged for to form a Company, devoted to his Will and Command; and who were to be embark'd under different Pretexts, some as Domesticks, and some as Passengers.

While some Days were spent in disposing Things for the Princess's Departure, and She, for her part, had prepared all Things to secure the Prince of *Westphalia* from *Mustapha's* Revenge, and *Leonora* from the *Sultan's* Lust, those two Lovers

endeavoured all they could, to gain their Mistress's Heart. *Zulima*, who was certain of executing her Design, feigned her self less insensible towards the *Vizier*, whose Jealousy diminished every Day; and *Leonora*, who would not cast the *Sultan* into Despair, which might break their Measures, suffered him to make some Approaches which amused him. In short, the Night before the Day appointed for their Departure, the *Sultan* would have *Mustapha* make an Entertainment for the Princess, which this Favourite desir'd her to consent to.

As by accepting of it, she covered her Intentions the better, she agreed to it: the Preparations were very Pompous, the Diversions managed with Exactness, and performed with Success and Applause. Running, Wrestling, and Throwing of the Javelin, were only Preludes to the Diversion of a Consort of Musick upon the *Nile*. All those, of both Sexes, who were at the Feast, were row'd down the River in a stately Barge, attended by the Musick, which played all the Time. The *Sultan* invented a Gallant Lottery, wherein every one was to put in their Name.

Names, and whomsoever the Ladies drew out, he was to be their Gallant for that Day. When they had all drawn, the *Sultan* was *Leonora's* Lot, the Prince of *Westphalia*, *Zulima's*, and *Phedima* had the *Vizier*; and this Chance made diffe-



rent Impressions, according to the different Passions reigning in them.

The Princesses had contrived to put the Prince of *Westphalia* on Board, disguised like a Sailor, and *Leonora* was to pass for one of her *Eunuchs*; when an Incident

knock'd this Project o'the Head. When they were all sat at the Table, an *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, told *Zulima* he had something to say to her in private; and she went out to him, under Pretext that some of her Domesticks wanted some Orders: This *Aga*, who owed his Life, and was afterwards obliged to her for his Place, told the Princess in few Words, that he had received two Orders from the *Vizier*, on the part of the *Sultan*, the one to take away *Leonora* when the Entertainment was over, and carry her to an old *Seraglio* three Leagues distant from *Cairo*. That for the Execution hereof, he had picked out four *Janizaries*, whom he had ordered to obey him without any Reserve, and who knew nothing of what they were to do. That his other Order was, after the former was executed, to take away the Prince of *Westphalia*, and convey him on Board a Merchant Ship that was going, in two Days, to *Otrante*, that the Princess might very well think, that he would not expose his Life, to a certain and cruel Death, by revealing of this Secret, if he was not 'resolved to do whatever she should order him.

The Princess, at first, was very much surprized at this Plot, which frustrated her Designs; but as she had a quick Wit, and ready Resolution upon any sudden Conjunction, she found out this admirable one, to conceal the better the Departure of *Leonora*; and embracing *Achmet*, gave him a Diamond of very great Value, and said to him, Take her away, but instead of conveying her to the old *Seraglio*, conduct her on Board my Ship, and stay with her in the Cabin of the Poop; you need but shew my Women on Board my Diamond, and you shall go with me to *Mecca*: For your four *Fanizaries*, you may put them under the Hatches, for the rest I'll take Care.

The Measures being thus concerted with *Achmet*, it was not difficult for her to inform *Eberardus* and *Leonora* of this Change, and to tell both of them how she had projected to employ the Snare that was laid for their Destruction, to their Safety: Afterwards, she bid *Leonora* feign, during this Repast, all Manner of Complaisance to the *Sultan*, who had placed himself by her, and to permit *Achmet*, who should shew her the Diamond,



mond, she had given him for a Signal, to convey her away. But for to prevent all the Precautions that the *Sultan* might take, instead of going the next Day at Noon, she was resolved for to forward her Departure, and to Sail away in the middle of the Night.

The Port was about Two Leagues distant from the Town, whither she sent Orders for them to make ready, that they might weigh Anchor when that she should come on Board, that so by that Means, they might have the Benefit of the Moon-light.

These Orders were given before the Repast, which began about Sun-set; *Zulima*, *Leonora*, and *Eberardus*, contributed by their Pleasantry, all that was possible to the Mirth of the Feast; and after it had lasted Three Hours, which was about the Time that the *Sultan* had appointed that *Leonora* should be taken away, he rose from the Table, and proposed for to take a Walk in the Garden, where going out at a Back-Door with *Leonora*, he immediately delivered her into *Achmet's* Hands, who executed *Zu-*

ma's Orders punctually, and put *Leonora* disguised like an *Eunuch*, on Board, and secured his *Janizaries* under the Hatch-  
 es. As soon as she was gone, the *Sultan* rejoin'd his Daughter, who had step'd aside, for to facilitate this Project; and thinking for to deceive her, told her that *Leonora* found herself ill, and was retired; and that as this Entertainment was purposely made for to execute this Design of *Noradin's*, he told the Princess it was Time that she should go to Rest, that she had need of it, for to prepare herself for the Fatigue of a Voyage; and withal, that he himself would see her embark the next Day.

The Princess, who was impatient to be gone, was overjoyed at this Proposal of the *Sultan's*, and having tenderly embraced her Father, because she knew it would be the last Time that she should see him, said to *Mustapha*, You are *Pbedima's* Gallant, I leave you for to take Care of her; and as the Prince of *Westphalia* is mine, he shall conduct me to my Apartment. They being all thus separated, with different Thoughts and Hopes *Pbedima*, whom *Zulima* had trusted with  
 the

the Secret, and who even hastened her Departure, took the *Vizier* along with her, and under Pretence of discoursing with him about the Princess, first amused him with a Regale of *Coffee*, and afterwards kept him all Night in her Closet, which they spent in a Conversation that tended only to flatter his Passion.

In the mean Time, *Zulima* went away with the Prince of *Westphalia*, and under the Pretence of taking of a Turn or two upon the *Terrass*, disguised him like



*Sailor*, and going down a pair of Stairs which led to the *Nile*, attended only by two

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faithful Slaves, they all Four went  
 a Boat that waited for them there;  
 row'd without losing of a Moment's  
 time, to the Ship, and embarked by  
 the Light of the Moon, which was then  
 full, and in its *Meridian*.



he was no sooner aboard, but they  
 weighed Anchor, and with a *South* Wind  
 went out to Sea. The Pilot steered his  
 course, as tending towards *Mecca*, when  
*Arardus*, seconded by *Achmet*, having  
 taken the Arms out of the Cases, and  
 distributed them to the Forty Men, and  
 led the Prince's Domesticks, and put  
 himself at the Head of them, and at-  
 tacked the Captain of the Vessel, who  
 when he was surprized, yielded; and  
 the Prince of *Westphalia* taking upon him  
 Command, committed the Steerage  
 to

to a *French* Pilot that was amongst  
 forty Slaves; and turning the Prow  
 towards *Europe*, were got of Sight of  
*Pharos*, before the *Sultan* was inform'd  
 their Departure.

*Mustapha* was the first that receiv'd  
 the News; and as he went to Bed  
 at Sun-rise, it had not gained The  
 Hours on the *Horizon*, when they awa-  
 ken'd him, for to tell him that the Pr-  
 cess's Vessel had weigh'd Anchor, and  
 had sail'd in the Middle of the Night.  
 Whereupon he dress'd himself present  
 and went for to inform the *Sultan* of  
 The *Sultan*, whose Thoughts were up-  
 on *Leonora*, and who believed that she was  
 the old *Seraglio*, shew'd not so great  
 Concern for the Princess's going; for  
 told him once, laughing, That for-  
 to avoid the Tenderness of taking her leave  
 she would go without saying any Thing  
 to him, and he believed that she had  
 done so; and when they said, the Prince  
 of *Westphalia* was not to be found, he  
 opened not his Eyes, because he believ'd  
 that after *Ackmet* had performed his Or-  
 ders concerning *Leonora*, he might have  
 executed those in Regard to the Prince

But when that he was told presently afterwards, that *Ackmet* had not conducted *Leonora* to the *Seraglio*, and that neither the *Aga*, nor the four *Janizaries* were to be met with, he looked upon *Mustapha* with Eyes full of Rage, and fetching a deep Sigh, We are betrayed, said he, and *Ackmet*, whom you would make Choice of, has ruined us. My Daughter takes the Prince and Princess of *Westphalia* along with her, and will put them on Board the first Ship she meets with, bound for *Europe*.

These were his *Idea's*, whereupon he immediately dispatched Couriers to all the Ports, with Orders to stop the Vessel that the Princess was in, wheresoever that it should happen for to touch.

Vain are the Precautions of Man, who often deceives himself with Arguments of a Conduct, which is not able to oppose the Decrees of Heaven.

There was a strange Consternation in *Noradin's* Court, *Phedima* feigned a wonderful Surprize at what she knew perfectly well: *Mustapha*, tormented with dis-

ference.



ferent Reflections, sometimes thought it  
 Advantageous to him, that the Princess  
 her self had taken Care for to send this  
 Prince back into *Europe*, who had given  
 him so much Umbrage; and sometimes  
 he dreaded all that his jealous Rage  
 could suggest.

But the *Sultan*, who was inconsolable  
 for the Loss of *Leonora*, at a Time even  
 when he thought for to possess her; and  
 outrageous for having been cheated by  
 his Daughter, and a Woman, sent forth  
 the most terrible Menaces, and destin'd  
 all those he should find Accomplices to  
 the most cruel Punishments.

But his greatest Grief was, when that  
 the Captain, Pilot, and the four *Fan-  
 zaries* arrived in a Shaloup, three Days  
 after their Departure; and being brought  
 to the *Sultan*, after having told him how  
*Achmet* brought *Leonora* unto them, and  
 how that the Prince of *Westphalia* became  
 Master of the Vessel, which took its  
 Course towards *Europe*, after sending  
 them away in the Shaloup in the Condi-  
 tion that he saw them; the Captain then  
 gave to the *Sultan* a Letter that he re-  
 ceived

ceived from his Daughter, the Princess  
*Zulima's* own Hands, and which she de-  
 sired he would faithfully deliver it into  
 his Hands.

The *Sultan* received it from him with  
 Rage and Grief, shedding a Torrent of  
 Tears, and having opened it, found  
 these Words.



*Zulima*



*Zulima* a Professor of the Christian Faith

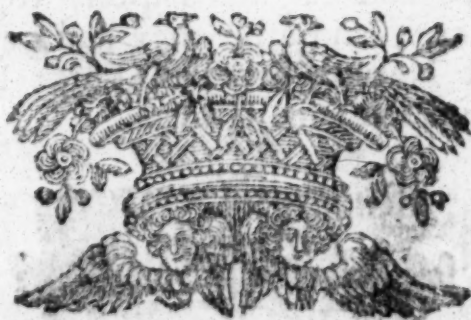
To

*Noradin* Sultan of *Egypt*, her Father.

**G**IVE me Leave, Sir, to explain to you my Intentions, and the Reasons of my Departure; with quitting, as I have done, all the Grandeurs of this World. I relinquish the false Glories of a Crown here, for the more precious, and solid Ones hereafter the Value of which is only known unto those who are inspired with the Light of the Gospel, which hath open'd my Eyes, and with that Grace which conducts me. I am going into Europe, with the Prince and Princess of Westphalia, whom I adopt for my Brother and Sister, and have no greater Impatience than to arrive there, to be wash'd with the Water of Life.

I have left you Phedima my dear Sister and your Niece, whom I intreat you to adopt for your Daughter, and by Marrying her with Mustapha, satisfy the Love of one, and Ambition of the other. Comfort your self for the Loss of me, I sympathize with you in the Grief you sustain for me, but shall never forget that you are my Father, but as a Christian, shall be, with more Duty, your Daughter,

ZULIMA.



When

When the *Sultan* had made an End of reading this Letter, he fell into a Swoon, which they had a Difficulty to bring him out of: In short, his Grief brought on him a lingering Distemper, and finding he could have no Relief, he performed what his Daughter desired in regard to *Pbedima* and *Mustapha*, whom he made the Heirs of his Empire.

For the Prince and Princesses, they arrived and disembark'd at *Otia*, from whence they went to *Rome*, where *Zulima* was Baptized by the *Pope*, as likewise were *Achmet*, and most of the Women; afterwards they all went into *Westphalia*, where *Zulima* lived with the Prince and Princess, like a real Sister; when Two Years after, *Leonora* dying in Childbed the Prince of *Westphalia* married *Zulima*, who lived and reigned happily together many Years, and after they had paid the Debt of Nature, were all Three buried in one and the same Grave.



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